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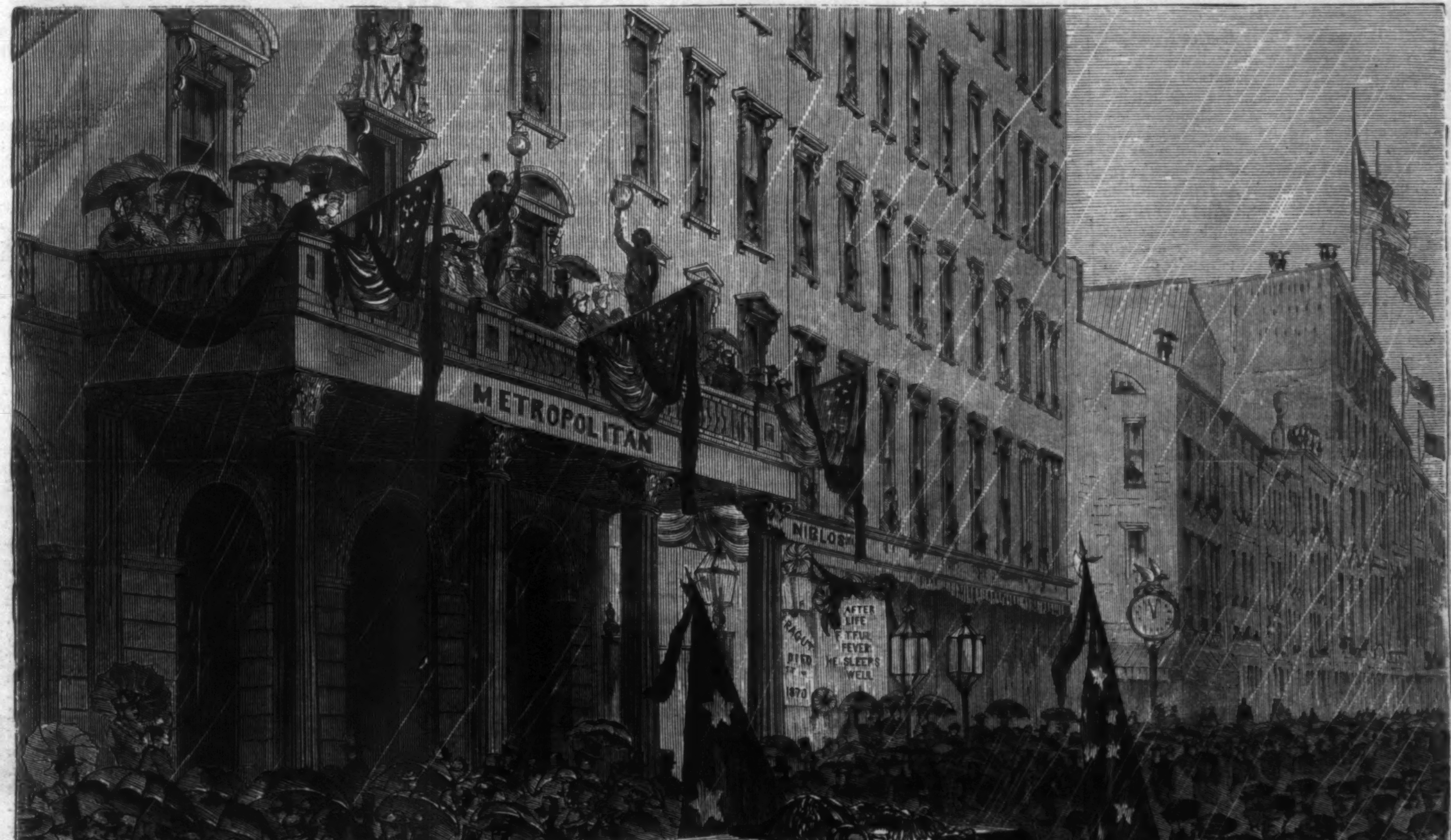


METROPOLITAN
NIBLOS
RAGUT
DIED
1870
AFTER LIFE FITFUL FEVER HE SLEEPS WELL
FARRAGUT

THE FARRAGUT OBSEQUIES—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING UP BROADWAY.—Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 659.]

MARRIAGE BELLS.

With wide, warm wings the lonely autumn day
Still mounts and broods,
Still slowly soars from heaven to heaven away
In airy solitudes,

While fitfully from sun-soaked balsam woods
The light wind wells,
Gay with the silver chords and interludes
Of chiming marriage bells.

Oh, happy peals, within whose music dwells
The magic rune
That sets to sweet accords and joyous swells
Two lives in perfect tune!

Oh, happy heralds to the silent noon,
To whom 'tis given
To ring upon its melancholy swoon
Tidings of open heaven!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, October 15, 1870.

THE PRESENT DUTY OF REPUBLICANS.

THE Democratic Convention of New York declined to say whether the party acquiesces in the great settlements of the war—the reconstruction acts and the constitutional amendments. But evasion is itself declaration. When the public mind is interested in a certain question upon which one party occupies the firmest and most unequivocal position, the refusal of the other to express its agreement is to say that it does not agree. And this is still more evident when its convention feels that the question can not be altogether avoided, and therefore chooses words purposely obscure to define its position. No intelligent man can doubt that if the two parties should ask the support of this State and of the country upon the single point of the honorable maintenance of the conditions upon which the Union has been restored and of the pledged public faith, the party which inflexibly supported the amendments and the national honor would be decisively sustained. And this is really one of the most essential elements of the present situation. The Republican party would go steadily forward building up the future upon the foundations already laid. The Democratic party would not hesitate to disturb them, and takes care not to say any thing inconsistent with that policy.

The evidence of this position of the Democratic party is of various kinds, but it is conclusive. Thus ex-Governor Orr, of South Carolina, in his letter which announces his separation from the Democratic party, says: "If good and true men will consent to accept the reconstruction acts of Congress and the legislation, Federal and State, necessarily growing out of them," there might be a rapid restoration of prosperity. This means that there is a general refusal to acquiesce in the finality of reconstruction, and that the good and true men who will accept it are, in Governor Orr's opinion, certainly not to be found in the Democratic party, or he would not leave it. The Democratic Senator Thurman, of Ohio, has recently made a speech in which he substantially reasserts the old doctrine of State rights, condemns the whole system of reconstruction, and declares that the new constitutional amendments are—not adopted—but "declared to be adopted." The point of his speech is, that the entire Republican rule has been a usurpation, and implies, of course, that as much of its unconstitutional action as may be found necessary for Democratic purposes will be set aside if the Democrats return to power.

In harmony with this strain was the speech of Mr. Tilden, the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York, at the party Convention. After a courteous allusion to the intelligence and high character of many members of the Republican party, he said that the crowning evil of the party was its policy of centralism, leading to imperialism, a policy destructive of liberty and of popular government. The proof of this he found in the reconstruction measures of that party—measures, which, of course, in order to free the country from imperialism and to save the government, must be reconsidered, and which, if the Democratic party were of the same opinion as in 1868, must be pronounced unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void, and set aside. The spirit of the Democratic party is still further shown in the fact that, with few exceptions, the Democratic newspapers which demand that the party shall acquiesce in the amendments and the whole system of reconstruction have no weight whatever in the party councils, and all of them together are an insignificant number.

The issue upon this vital point is plain. Every vote for Democratic ascendency is a vote for reopening the terrific agitation from which the country hoped it was peacefully emerging. Are the great interests of this State and of the country desirous of such a convulsion? With all the faults of detail that may be charged upon the measures of reconstruction, have they not, upon the whole, resulted happily for the country, and is there not a general tranquillity and prosperity which, had they been foretold six years ago, would have seemed the mere dream of enthusiasm? Do the intelligent people really believe that the administration of a party which has established equal rights tends to a fatal imperialism; or that the ascendency of a party which for a generation was devoted solely to the extension and perpetuity of slavery is the most promising guarantee of liberty?

The Republican party is composed of the most enlightened and independent citizens. It criticises freely its own officers, and the measures of its own Administration. It often seems, therefore, to those who judge of the cohesion of parties by the aspect produced by the ignominious Democratic drill, that the Republican party is falling to pieces because it is agitated. But when the appeal to the country has been made upon grave and fundamental existing issues at honest elections, the differences of detail between Republicans, or their debates upon the future policy of the party, are forgotten in the harmonious resolution to maintain what they have already gained. The action of the Democratic party shows that the necessity of such a position is still imperative upon Republicans, and those who do not see it inevitably, however honestly, imperil the highest interests of the country.

MISSOURI.

It is from the considerations just stated that we differ from our friends in Missouri, who think that the Republican ascendency may properly be endangered upon the issue of what is called revenue reform. But we repeat what we said the other day, that their position demands the gravest consideration. It is not enough to call them traitors. The *Tribune* takes exception to our remarks, and says that we advise the majority to surrender to the minority. Yet the very words which it quoted showed that we gave no such advice. What we said, and say, is this: that both the majority and minority of the Republican party are essential to the party success; and, if they differ upon any issue which is immediate and fundamental, some common understanding must be at least sought. A great party can not agree to differ upon a pressing fundamental issue; and if revenue reform be considered such, by any considerable and respectable minority of the party, we are unable to see that kicking and cuffing are likely to be of any use.

Now, if the revenue reformers in Missouri and the prohibitionists in Massachusetts think that it is better the Democrats should obtain power than that the Republicans should hold it, if they will not advocate what is called revenue reform and prohibition, we differ from them profoundly. Any special advantage which may be hoped from Democratic rule will be more than a thousandfold balanced by the general disaster. Differences should be discussed within the party lines until it is evident that public opinion is ripe for new organizations. But when there are honorable and leading Republicans in Congress who think that their own President's recommendation may be defeated in the interest of protection, and other Republicans, in various parts of the country, who think that they may divide the party vote in the interest of revenue reform, it is plain that there are Republican protectionists and Republican revenue reformers to whom the question is passing beyond the point where they can agree to differ.

Mr. Henry C. Carey, for instance, is a Republican protectionist, and Mr. David R. Wells is a Republican revenue reformer. If Mr. Wells should be nominated for Congress by the Republican Convention in Mr. Carey's district, would Mr. Carey probably vote for him, and *vice versa?* If not, are they to be denounced as tenders to the Democracy? Is there, in fact, any reasonable way of dealing with them but showing them that the points upon which, as Republicans, they agree are of more instant importance than those upon which they differ? And even if this can not be done, it seems to us as foolish to insist that they are Democrats at heart as to assert it of Mr. Wendell Phillips because he is the prohibitionist candidate in Massachusetts. Meanwhile, the number of Mr. Careys and of Mr. Wellses is so large that those who are interested in Republican success should very seriously consider what shall be done with brethren who can not agree to differ.

A PEACE, NOT A TRUCE.

Civilization has a profound interest in the conditions upon which peace shall at last be made between Germany and France. If Bismarck is to vindicate his claim to the name of a great statesman, it must be by regarding the subject not as a German only, but as a European and a man. It is easy to agree upon a treaty which would be only a truce for a few years, ending in a war as furious and withering as this. But the event will prove whether he has the consummate sagacity to make peace.

Mr. Phillips charges Bismarck with crime in not offering terms of peace after the surrender at Sedan. But the response would have been a roar of defiance from France; and the proof is that the first act of the Provisional Government was not to withdraw France from the war into which it had followed Louis Napoleon, but to proclaim that it would be continued more sharply than ever. And when the empire fell, the head of the new Government, Jules Favre, courteously received in the German camp as an embassador of peace, declared that there was no authority in France to bind the country to accept a treaty. That was true. But if he had stated the terms to which France ought to agree, and if they had been reasonable and ample guarantees of peace, the public opinion of the world would have demanded their acceptance by Germany. If he did this, the fact will appear, and the situation will be judged accordingly.

Meanwhile, what ought to be the settlement of the war? The honest people of Germany, summoned from their shops and fields and homes of loving hearts to go and encounter sickness and wounds and death, because France passively followed a wicked and imbecile chief to the field, will surely and justly insist upon the most tangible security for their children against similar outrage. There is not an honorable man in France who should not gladly grant it. There is not one who should not hasten eagerly to repair the enormous wrong which France has done to civilization and popular liberty by tolerating such a contemptible harlequinade as the empire proves to have been. Just in the degree that its hollowness and shallowness appear should every generous French heart long to atone for the national humiliation of submission to it, by frankly accepting every adequate and honorable guarantee of peace which Germany proposes.

These demands are understood to be in substance Alsace and Lorraine, and some members of the Provisional Government in France have declared that the country will never submit. Yet if France had conquered Germany as absolutely as she has been conquered, and had advanced to Berlin, the first Napoleon's terrible requisition at Jena would doubtless have been repeated, and the German territory occupied to the Rhine. But while, according to the universally received canons of war, the demands made by Germany upon France in Bismarck's letter are not extravagant nor unjust, the important question is, whether they would probably secure permanent peace. Certainly not. The absorption of Alsace and Lorraine by conquest would only make future war inevitable. From the moment the treaty was signed the mutual hostility of the nations would become deadly hatred. Metz and Strasbourg in France, garrisoned by German soldiers, would be poisoned thorns in the tenderest flesh. If France is forced by treaty to yield Alsace and Lorraine, the future is pledged to war.

Yet Bismarck truly says that Germany has a right to ample guarantees. The whole world agrees. What, then, shall they be? From the beginning of the negotiations Jules Favre was reported to have assented to indemnification and to the dismantling of the great fortresses. But that is not enough. The whole system of fortification in Eastern France was directed against Germany. It is a perpetual menace, and Germany, overwhelmingly victorious in a war wantonly begun by France, has the plainest right to remove the threat. But it should be done not by occupation, but by demolition. Occupation is war. Demolition is peace. France has willfully forfeited the right to complain that to demolish them is to expose itself to German attack, because it is now proved that they are the basis of French attacks upon Germany. With the total demolition of the fortresses there should be also an indemnity for the expenses of the war; and then the people of Alsace and Lorraine should decide for themselves whether to adhere to Germany or France. No French Government could properly cede the provinces by treaty; but the public opinion of the world would be satisfied that the provinces should choose for themselves.

With an ample indemnity, with the great fortresses leveled, with the harassing question of frontier allegiance decided by the people themselves, and with the utter destruction of the prestige of France, Germany might be well satisfied. Her victory would be more than a national success; her moderation would be the gain of the world. The military and material dominance which she has attained in Europe would be crowned by a moral superiority. She would give the world the spectacle of a great nation resistlessly triumphant over a neighbor who had causelessly attacked her, and asking, in the utter prostration of her foe, only the most equitable and reasonable security against a repetition of the crime.

That such a settlement would instantly make friends of the two countries is not to be expected; but there could be no humiliation to France in acceding to terms manifestly honorable. A great nation does not expect to be totally vanquished in a war of its own seeking without paying the penalty. All that it can fairly ask is, that the penalty be not one which is in its nature dishonorable, and which plainly shows, not the vengeance of an enemy, but the magnanimity of a great power seeking, in the midst of war and fiery passion, the foundation of lasting peace.

THE NEW MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

The appointment of Senator Morton as Minister to England is received with great approbation. That envoy has been generally selected from the Eastern part of the country, but in the new Minister the British Government will receive one of the ablest statesmen of the West. We do not the less regret the silence of the Government upon the reasons for the removal of Mr. Motley. His appointment gave such satisfaction, and he had apparently done his duty so well, that, for the sake of informing many of the warmest friends of the Administration, it would have been wise to authorize some statement of the cause of his recall. If, for instance, he was not in hearty accord with the views of the Administration upon the *Alabama* question, or upon any other, a simple authoritative word to that effect could easily have become public, and would have instantly answered every question and surmise. Under the circumstances the peremptory recall of Mr. Motley is the most public and severe expression of the dissatisfaction of the Administration, and is consequently, while unexplained, a cause of great yet needless perplexity to those who are friendly to both.

The position of the Administration upon the *Alabama* claims is well understood. It does not deny the right of the British Government to acknowledge belligerency at its pleasure; but it holds that the circumstances under which the declaration was made in our case revealed a hostile feeling which raised a strong presumption against the subsequent faithful discharge of her international obligations by Great Britain. This presumption is materially increased by the late eager haste of the British Government to repair the neutrality laws at the instance of Prussia—a proceeding which is a virtual confession that the Government was wrong when it told us that its neutral laws adequately insured the discharge of British international duty. But if, as has been understood, the *Alabama* negotiations are to be transferred to Washington, Mr. Morton's attention will probably not be engrossed by them, except that he will doubtless be instructed to urge the British authorities to an immediate consideration of the subject.

Their reply that it is for us to begin, since they agreed to all our requirements, and we rejected our own treaty, may be satisfactorily met by the remark that if they can wait we can. Time, as the experience of the present war in Europe shows, is wholly upon our side. Already the authorities confess the inadequacy of the law under which we suffered; whether from the inefficiency of the law itself, or from negligence in enforcing it, we do not now inquire. Meanwhile the European situation and the position of Great Britain certainly make it very desirable for her to remove any hostile feeling upon the part of the United States. The immediate future is obscure, and if Great Britain should be drawn into war the best Englishmen would most sincerely regret the delay of an honorable settlement.

We are still of the opinion that true magnanimity upon the part of Great Britain would be the most efficient statesmanship. Without surrendering the right which we also claim, and without acknowledging a hostility which no nation need acknowledge, let Great Britain, for the sake of amity and civilization, and with sincere regret that her friendship should have fallen under suspicion, assume the payment of the verified claims. If Mr. Morton can persuade her, further, to open the question of the voluntary annexation of Canada, he will undoubtedly not displease the Administration, and he will probably gratify the country.

CENTRALIZATION.

General Blair used to tell us during the campaign of 1868 that if General Grant were elected he would gradually, or even suddenly, change the republic into an empire. The General's assertion was considered as "a good enough Morgan," but probably neither that gentleman nor any of his hearers seriously supposed that the government was in great danger of being imperialized. Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, however, is of another opinion. He descries the imminence of the empire. We are becoming rapidly centralized. Centralization is the destruction of liberty, and therefore the last hope of freedom is Mr. William M. Tweed's Mr. John T. Hoffman. The conclusion hardly sustains the gravity of the premiss, but it was the best that Mr. Tilden could do under the difficult circumstances. Indeed, they were as difficult circumstances of the kind as Mr. Tilden is ever likely to encounter. To address even the forms of reasonable speech to an assembly whose sole business was to register certain decrees of Tammany was the penalty of being an *ex officio* leader of his party. And when Mr. Tweed's Mr. Hoffman in his speech at Albany alluded to the "independent representatives of their independent constituents," Mr. Tilden must have been a little surprised by so original a view of his audience.

But as Mr. Tilden's speech was that of an intelligent and honorable citizen, intended not for the Convention but for the country, it is worth while to inquire upon what grounds this assertion of a dangerously centralizing tendency in the government is made. Mr. **TILDEN** speaks of the origin of the Union. What are the facts? The theory of State sovereignty, which had made the old confederation a rope of sand, and had exposed our national liberty and independence to mortal peril, almost succeeded in baffling the efforts of the wisest and most patriotic of our fathers to secure a really national union. A few years after it was established **ALEXANDER HAMILTON** said to **JOSIAH QUINCY** that the centripetal force of the Union, which is called the centralizing tendency, was so slight that the Union would not probably last more than a generation, and that its peril would always be the doctrine of the sovereignty of the States.

This doctrine was the substance of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798, so veiled as to be of the most elastic meaning, reaching even to the right of secession. Those resolutions were the virtual platform of the Democratic nullifiers of **JACKSON**'s day, and of the Democratic secessionists of **BUCHANAN**'s. The doctrine of State sovereignty was the reliance of slavery, and the justification of rebellion. The deadliest domestic enemies of the Union always inculcated that hostility of the national government which is the basis of Mr. **TILDEN**'s speech. The country has seen the consequences, and it feels them still. The attack upon the national authority was formerly made under the plea of the reserved rights of the States. The same attack is now made under the cry of centralization. The result in both cases is the same. It is the weakening of the bond which has been proved to be essential to the national existence and prosperity.

The cry is raised at this time because, in restoring the Union, which had been convulsed by the attempt to destroy the government, under the pretense that it was no government, but an agency at the will of any partner, the people of the United States have determined the conditions upon which the disaffected States might be recognized. They have, in effect, decided that certain fundamental conditions are essential in every State to the national security, and these, under Republican ascendency, they have provided. But the Republican party is founded upon liberty. It includes the intelligent population, who, more than any other, understand the necessary conditions of freedom. Therefore these provisions do not transcend the limits which separate desirable local control from necessary national co-operation. Maine does not undertake to manage legislation in Georgia; but the United States require that the vital conditions of republican government shall be respected by both those States.

In what dangerous manner to popular liberty or to local legislation the national government is felt in the State of New York, for instance, Mr. **TILDEN** forbears to mention. He confines himself to the general assertion that State rights have been absorbed. We trust, indeed, that the asserted rights of any State have been absorbed just so far as they interfered with the united rights of all the States. This it was the imperative duty of the people to do, a duty emphasized by the rebellion. Centralization, in the sense of imperialism, as described by Mr. **TILDEN**, not only does not threaten us, but it is impossible. His speech, however well meant, is merely a continuation of the old cry that furnished a pretense to the rebellion. The safety of American republican institutions is in the general intelligence of the people. That will promote a wise, and oppose a perilous centralization; and whether that intelligence tends to the Republican or Democratic parties no one knows better than Mr. **TILDEN**.

THE CRIMINAL AT WILHELMSHÖHE.

BY universal consent the present war in Europe is the work of one man, **LOUIS NAPOLEON**. Prussia, by every honorable means, sought to avoid it, but **LOUIS NAPOLEON** pressed on. It is due to him that every dire suffering of war has fallen upon hundreds of thousands of peaceful homes and tender hearts, and that a devastation and ruin which are inconceivable overspread France. The sorrow which he has occasioned can only be surmised now and then from some tragical story of individual ruin which is told in the papers. All the criminals of France since he built his empire upon perjury have done nothing which can compare in enormity with the least of his offenses in this war. But this man, whose crimes are unrelieved by any personal heroism or dignity, and who betrays his country to unspeakable anguish and shame, now lives in a romantic and spacious palace with the subdued state of majesty in misfortune.

It is one of the cruel contrasts of the war that many a brave and noble and devoted soldier, who has left the delights of home and sacrificed all that is most alluring in life and hope to perish by the fault of this wretched man, falls stricken in the field, knowing that he leaves his family to every form of calamity, while the author of the tragedy pays no penalty, and is safe from harm. They who think that **NAPOLEON BONAPARTE** was hardly treated when he was exiled to St. Helena will perhaps reconsider their judgment when they are reminded by the conduct of the nephew how vast the crimes of the elder **NAPOLEON** were.

It is a false and perilous philosophy which forgets the man in the emperor, and which does not see that the personal moral responsibility of **LOUIS NAPOLEON** could never be set aside. He knew what war was. It is the last and terrible appeal, only to be invoked when every other resource fails. But he made no effort to avoid it. On the contrary, he took care that it should not be avoided. And when he did this he deliberately, consciously, intentionally decreed the slaughter of thousands of innocent men. If a man who fires a musket from a window into a crowd is held guilty of murder should any one be killed, how much guiltier should this man be considered, who refused peace, and made the anguish of a country sure!

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE Democratic School Board of Louisville, Kentucky, recently directed that **M'DONALD**'s "Southern School History of the United States," written by the principal of the Louisville High School, an ex-officer in the rebel army, and published by an ex-rebel firm in Baltimore, should be substituted, as a text-book in the schools, for **ANDERSON**'s "Pictorial School History of the United States," which had been decried as a "radical" work. The character and spirit of this school-book, from which, by Democratic appointment, the children of Louisville are to learn the history of their country, may be inferred from the following extract. The author, speaking of the massacre of the Union soldiers in Baltimore, and of what followed, says:

> "The defiance of Baltimore excited the liveliest resentment in the North. The streets were posted with placards, calling for troops, and headed 'Vengeance upon Baltimore!' The noblest and meanest passions of the human heart were appealed to, for the purpose of obtaining volunteers. It was said, 'The capital is in danger!' 'The government is upon the verge of ruin!' 'Let patriots stand by their country in her hour of need!' At the same time influential journals declared that the Southerners were degenerated; that the men were cowards and bullies, and the women beautiful, and *loaded with jewels*. '*Booty and Beauty*' was one of the watch-words of the hour."

Here we have the wretched falsehood of **BEAUREGARD**'s Manassas proclamation offered as history, and serving the same purpose for which it was originally uttered, namely, to inflame civil hatred. And as if to show that the sympathy with rebellion is as timid as it is positive, it is alleged, when objection is made, that this history is used in the schools only as far as the account of the late war!

The consequences of the adoption of such text-books are but too evident. They are placed in the hands of children at the most ductile and unsuspicious age, and their entire feeling toward the government of their country is colored by them. The sorry subterfuge of saying that a certain part of the book is not taught is merely contemptible. It is furnished to the schools by Democratic direction as the history of the country, and the child reads that the rising of the people to save their government was stimulated by the basest appeals to the worst of passions. The direct and necessary result is to implant a hatred of the government, and to foster the spirit from which the rebellion sprang. It is another indication of the essentially and radically disorganizing tendency of the Democratic party. It can not forgive the victory of the Union and of liberty. It will not accept the situation, and acquiesce in the conditions which are indispensable to the repose of the country.

Meanwhile the spirit which writes and the party which adopts such a history as this calls itself the conciliatory spirit and the conservative party. But every fresh fact shows that it conciliates nothing but disaffection, and preserves only a malignant jealousy of fidelity to the Union. Its conciliation and conservatism in national affairs are exactly as evident as its honesty and economy in the municipal management of New York.

NOTES.

WHAT is a "Congressman?" We often read in the papers that Congressman Binks is renominated, while the chances of Congressman Dinks are painfully uncertain. Now Congress consists of two bodies—the Senate and the House of Representatives. A Senator is therefore as much a Congressman as a Representative; and the word Congressman is certainly neither more expressive nor more convenient than Representative.

IT is very difficult to determine exactly what is true in the reports which come in clouds every morning from Europe. We saw a letter in a newspaper, the other day, in which the writer said, under date of September 14, that his conjecture had become a certainty, and that the Germans would recognize no other government in France but that of **LOUIS NAPOLEON**. He added that Count **BISMARCK**'s organ in Berlin confirmed it. But in the same column, and immediately above the letter, a telegram from Berlin, dated September 27, said that the official journal states to-day that "whatever may be the German plans about France, the restoration of the **BONAPARTES** is not among them."

THE *Tribune* very truly remarks that the only conclusive way to teach political managers to nominate good candidates is to scratch the bad. A vigorous exercise of the inalienable right of scratching will tend to purify politics rapidly. The managers count upon the general unwillingness to endanger the success of the party, and often nominate the unworthiest candidates. This is a madness which must be resisted at the beginning; and if the people intend to control their own Government, they will carefully scratch, upon every proper occasion, until the managers propose names which do not deserve scratching. It is not those who refuse to vote for unfit candidates, but those who nominate them, who are responsible for the party defeat.

THE occupation of Rome by the troops of the King of Italy does not exclude the Pope altogether from territorial power. His domain is diminished, but not wholly destroyed. Instead of a part of Italy, he now governs a part of the city of Rome, the Leonine City, as it is called, or the Vatican and its vicinity. When the capitulation was signed the General of the Papal troops stipulated for their withdrawal, assuring the Italian General **CADORNA** that a guard of two hundred, which he should leave, would be an ample protection for the Pope. **CADORNA** asked him if he were sure, and he replied, "Entirely." But when the Italian army entered the city the inhabitants flocked across the river to the Vatican, and hissed and groaned so menacingly that the Pope was alarmed, and he sought the protection of **CADORNA**. The General replied at first that his interference would vitiate the capitulation; but upon the receipt of a pressing note from the Pope, he asked instructions from his Government, and he was told to take care of the Pope. So the Bishop of Rome is now under the protection of the king whom he wished to excommunicate. For the sake of the Pope's reputation it is to be hoped that the Leonine City will not be abandoned to his temporal government, which, being the worst in the world, does not inspire respect for the Pope in his ecclesiastical functions. It would be curious if the old saying, that the Pope who reigns for twenty-five years will be the last Pope, should be fulfilled in the case of **PIUS** who will probably be the last Pope who combines temporal with ecclesiastical power.

THE FARRAGUT OBSEQUIES.

THE final honors paid to the remains of the late Admiral **FARRAGUT**, on the 30th ult., were of the most imposing character. Nothing of the kind was ever witnessed in New York, with the exception of the funeral of President **LINCOLN**. In spite of the driving rain the sidewalks were crowded with people who braved the drenching storm to see the splendid procession pass. Had the weather been more propitious, at least half a million of people would have filled the streets to assist in paying the last tribute of public respect to the most distinguished naval officer of modern times. The remains, followed by the civil authorities and many distinguished persons, detachments from the army and navy, and the First and Second divisions of the National Guard, etc., were conveyed through Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Forty-ninth Street to the Harlem dépôt, from which they were taken by a special train to Woodlawn Cemetery. At the grave the religious ceremonies were conducted by Rev. Dr. **MONTGOMERY**. The usual salute was fired, and the hero was left to his last rest. In the city business was generally suspended after eleven o'clock, and many of the buildings along the route of the procession were decorated with appropriate inscriptions and emblems of mourning.

The sketch on our first page represents the funeral procession passing up Broadway.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

ON Friday, September 30, the French made a determined sortie from Paris—probably a reconnoissance in force, for the purpose of discovering the position and intentions of the besiegers. The main attack was directed against the Prussian forces on the heights of Sceaux, and at the same time a column emerging from St. Cloud attacked in the direction of Versailles. After two hours' heavy firing, in which considerable loss was suffered on both sides, the French retired under cover of the forts.

It is reported from Tours that the Prussians are now preparing to make an attack upon Paris from the west, where only a single fort—Mont Valèrien—defends several bridges across the Seine, and many well-paved approaches which converge upon these passages.

The city of Strasbourg, after a most heroic resistance, surrendered to the Prussians on Tuesday, September 27. The garrison consisted of 451 officers and 17,000 men. There was great rejoicing throughout Germany over the news of this event. It is said the noble Cathedral, though much battered by the bombardment, has not been materially injured, and architects have been sent from Munich to superintend its reparation. After the surrender the Prussian General Werder made a thorough examination of the city. He reports that the Prussian fire was characterized by extreme accuracy and precision. Every prominent structure in the city, against which shells or shot were directed, has either been destroyed outright, along with the adjoining buildings, or rendered irreparably ruined. The devastation consequently is terrible. Entire streets are tenantless. Houses torn to pieces, the footways encumbered with *débris* and abandoned household furniture, and an utter picture of desolation presented every where. The ruins of the public buildings stand bleak and desolate, surrounded by piles of rubbish. The celebrated picture-gallery, with nearly all its treasures of art, was totally destroyed.

On the 27th ult. the French made another sortie from Metz, but were repulsed. They, however, removed their dead and wounded, and a number of prisoners captured by them in the fight.

An interesting account of a balloon journey from Paris comes by the Atlantic cable. It appears that M. Tissander left the French capital on Friday afternoon, September 30, in a balloon, with a cargo of letters and important official dispatches, and reached Tours in safety after a short "voyage." He reports that no Prussians were to be seen near Paris, nor any people on the roads leading to the city, nor boats of any kind on the river. A complete silence reigned about the city. Approaching Versailles, large numbers of Prussian soldiers were observed in camp. The aeronaut dropped a large number of copies of the recent Government proclamation, printed in German, among them, and was answered by a sharp fire. No harm was done by this, however, as the range was too long. M. Tissander landed near Dreux, in the department of Eure-et-Loire, many miles west of the Prussian lines; sent the letters which he had brought, 25,000 in number, to the town post-office, from which they were forwarded to Tours in a special train with the Government dispatches. Relative to matters within Paris, he says more than 500,000 soldiers, well armed and disciplined, are behind the walls; and the firing from the forts has been so accurate that the Prussians have been baffled in their attempts to erect batteries. The city is tranquil. Nearly all the shops are open during the day as usual. All the cafés are closed at ten nightly, and a careful watch kept throughout the city until daylight. The public squares are filled with troops, drilling and exercising. No luxuries are to be had; no butter nor fruit. Fresh meats will soon be scarce, but there is a six-months' supply of salted provisions and flour.

The Madrid correspondent of the New York *Times* telegraphs that it is openly avowed at the North German Embassy in that city that the plan of Count Bismarck is to restore Napoleon long enough to sign a peace, when he is to abdicate in favor of his son; that a regency, with the Empress as Regent, and M. Rouher and a Bonapartist General associated with her in the Council, is then to be established and enforced by Prussian troops and a military terrorism.

The same correspondent asserts that negotiations are in progress for placing a Saxon or Prussian prince on the throne of Spain, Prussia furnishing money, and promising her a part of Algeria, Gibraltar, and aid in annexing Portugal, in order to make her a powerful ally of Germany.

A letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of September 29 contains a protest from a number of generals and superior officers of the French army at Sedan against the surrender. They say they were entitled to be present at the council which decided the matter, but were kept in ignorance of it.

At Havre a revolving electric light illumines the harbor at night, and the entrance is barred by enormous chains.

On the 29th ult., General Cluseret made an abortive attempt to head a revolution in Lyons, but was arrested, with his adherents, by the Gardes Nationales of the city.

The London papers of October 3 contain full accounts of a daring deed by the Francs-Tireurs on the 24th ultimo, which resulted in the killing of the Duke of Nassau, and the wounding of several of King William's staff. On the day named the King and his staff started from Rheims to Chalons, accompanied by the Duke of Nassau. The royal party occupied five carriages, and were escorted by a regiment of cuirassiers. Just beyond Château Sillery, where the road descends a hill through a deep cut which is only wide enough to admit of the passage of the carriages in single file, there was a sudden attack from a strong force of Francs-Tireurs in ambuscade on either side of the roadway. The carriages were riddled with repeated volleys, and the troopers of the escort were thrown into confusion. The firing ceasing, the cavalry which had been in advance, came back, and scoured the woods, but without making a single capture. On investigation it was found that every person in the third carriage, containing the Duke of Nassau and his aides, had been either killed outright or mortally wounded. The fifth carriage, containing the King and his staff, had been terribly riddled, but none of its occupants had been injured. The body of the Duke was sent back to Manheim under a large escort.

A recent Paris letter says the population is unanimous for the defense of the city. Paris is to be lighted with petroleum, if it should be found necessary to cut off the gas. Rochefort is using his great influence with the working-men, and they are prepared to fight to the last.

The attitude of Russia occasions distrust and uneasiness in Europe. She is making military preparations on a vast scale, but whether to attack Turkey or to interfere between Prussia and France is not yet apparent.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

On Sunday, October 2, the people of Rome voted on the question of Italian unity. The plebiscitum was conducted in the most orderly manner, and the result was an almost unanimous vote in favor of union with Italy under Victor Emanuel and his successors.

The Pope is said to be well pleased at changing his mercenaries for Italian defenders. He is treated with great respect, and appears again in public. Rome is quiet, and confidence in business circles is returning. The Jews of the city have sent an address to Victor Emanuel exulting in their release from Papal rule.

The resignation of De Rodas, Captain-General of Cuba, will probably be accepted at Madrid, and General Cordova is likely to be his successor. The idea of the cession of Cuba to the United States is gaining ground at Madrid.

It is stated at Madrid that De Rodas refuses to execute the laws relative to the emancipation of slaves in Cuba. It is also said that the Spanish Government will agree to a commission to fix indemnities for American losses in Cuba.

The rinderpest prevails to such an extent among the cattle of Hesse-Darmstadt that none are allowed to pass thence into Prussia.

The Austrian Government has signed the Naturalization Treaty with the United States.

Sir John Young, Governor-General of Canada, has been created a peer of the United Kingdom, with the title of Baron Lisgar.

The latest advices from China state that the French ultimatum has been refused, and the Chinese are preparing for war. The French are waiting for orders from the home Government.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ONE of the most destructive freshets ever known in this country occurred in Virginia the last week of September, attended by great loss of life and property. At the city of Richmond the water overflowed into the streets, so that horse-car travel was interrupted, and ferry-boats resorted to instead. Buildings and property were carried away, and communication with the surrounding country cut off. At Harper's Ferry a large part of the city was submerged, many substantial buildings destroyed, and forty lives lost. Three women and three children were drowned at Lynchburg. The Potomac rose several feet, and the bridges between Washington and the Virginia shore were carried away. The streets of Washington bordering on the river were overflowed and filled with floating merchandise. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was greatly damaged, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad above Harper's Ferry was swept away. The losses at and near Lynchburg were estimated at $1,500,000.

The public debt was decreased during the month of September by $9,007,448 13. The decrease since the 1st of March is $91,413,824 80, and since the 1st of October, 1869, is $121,581,419.

A number of peaceable negroes in Tennessee were recently taken from their cabins and whipped by a band of masked ruffians, because they had been "voting wrongly."

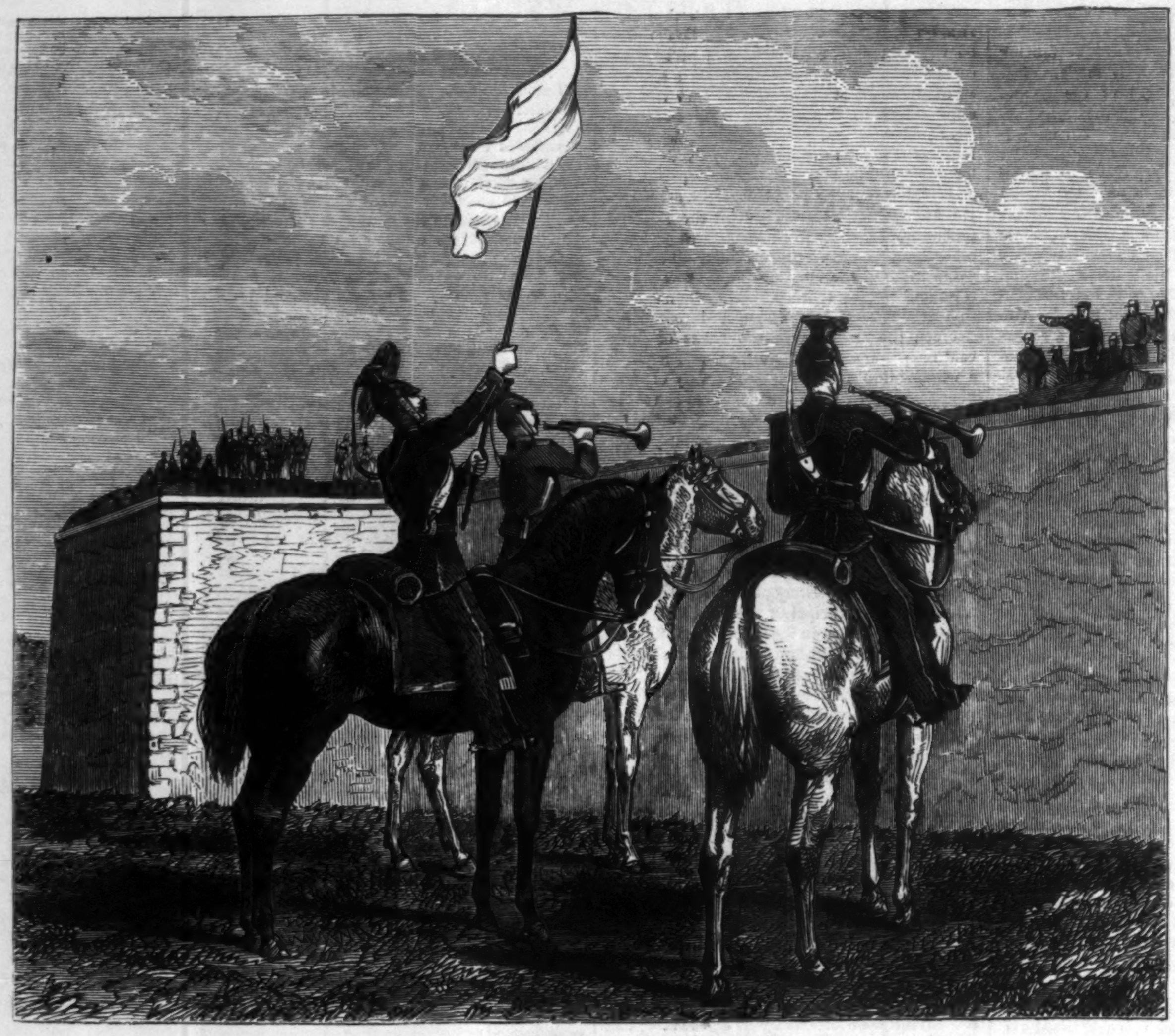
The largest bar of gold ever seen is on exhibition at Denver, California. It is 12⅛ inches long, 6⅛ wide, and 4⅛ in thickness, weighs 2348¾ ounces, and is valued at $50,000.

It has been decided that a widow may continue the business of her husband without taking out a new license, provided she has the bonds changed to her own name.

A QUEER RECEPTION.

Molsheim, one of the French towns invaded by the Prussians, is situated on the Lower Rhine. Our illustration on page 661 represents the queer reception which the invaders met at this place. An artist, who witnessed this humorous scene, thus alludes to it in his diary:

"You will find the *improbus anser* in most towns and villages of Alsace, but nowhere to such an extent as in Molsheim. I looked down through my Venetian blinds, and found a broad square full of them. In the middle was a fountain, where one or two Baden troopers were watering their horses. To the right stood the Hôtel de Ville, a very ancient building, with high-pitched roof and beautiful tiles, fantastic gable-ends, over the doorway a painted *chapelle*, under that a clock, and under the clock a bell, struck by queer little puppet figures. Not a soul was about. The geese cackled hideously, as if, like the guardians of the Capitol, to warn the inhabitants of the invasion of the enemy."

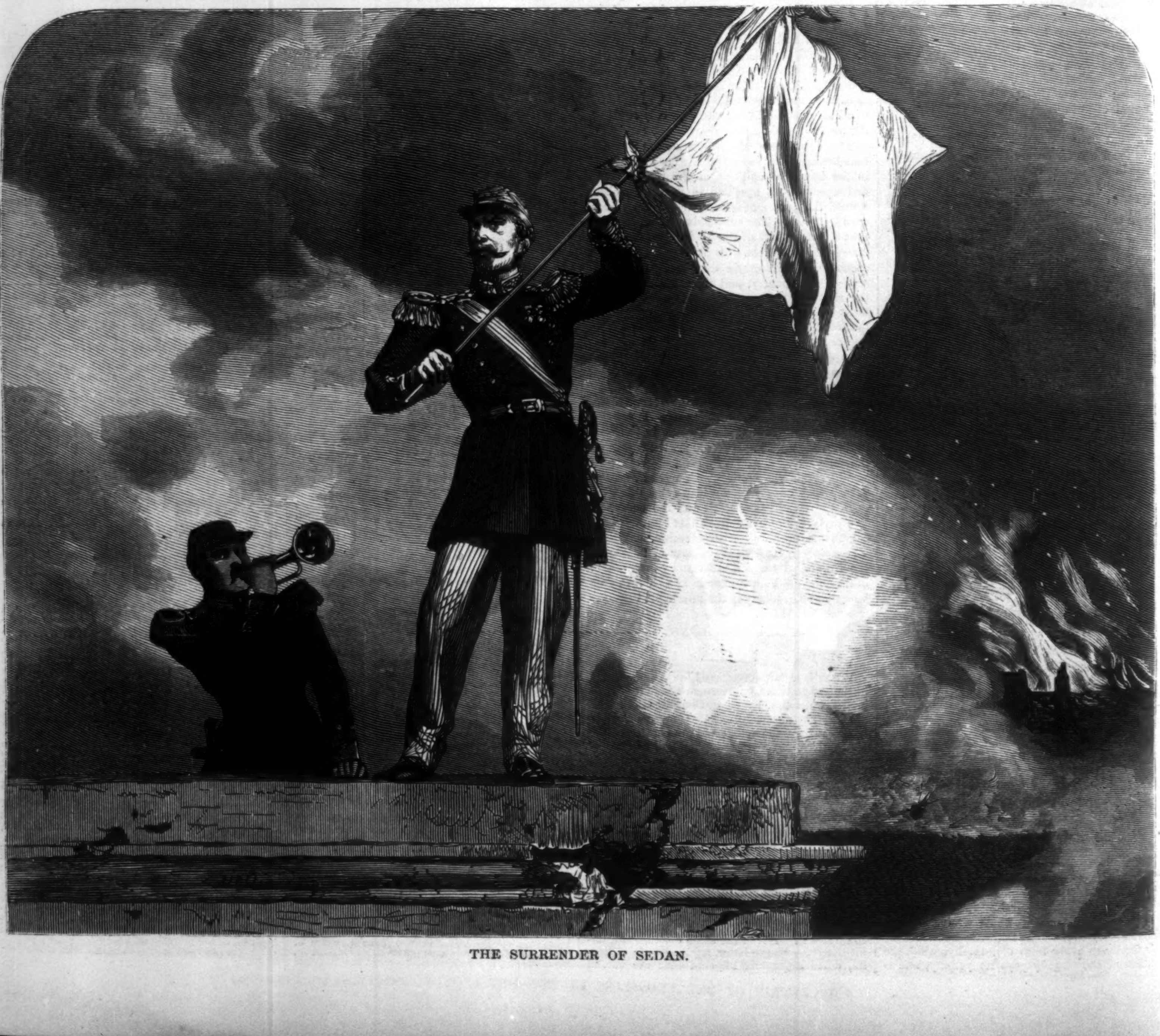


THE DEMAND TO SURRENDER.

THE SURRENDER OF SEDAN.

Our illustrations on this page give a graphic representation of one of the most novel and picturesque phases of the war in France. One represents the surrender of Sedan. Our engraving shows the French General **Lauriston** holding a flag of truce, and attended by a trumpeter, who sounds a note of parley, standing upon the gate of the fortified town, to invite an armistice, for the purpose of capitulation. This took place at half past four in the afternoon of September 1; and the Prussian artillery fire, which had completely overpowered the French, was stopped before five o'clock, by order of the King, who stood upon the hill of Chevenge, three miles from the gate of the town. The memorable interview between Count **Bismarck** and the Emperor **Napoleon** was at seven o'clock the next morning, outside the village of Donchery. They stopped at the cottage of a hand-loom weaver, and sat at the door, engaged in earnest conversation, while the officers in attendance on the Emperor kept their distance by the roadside.

The other illustration on this page, "The Demand to Surrender," almost brings before us a picture of medieval times. It represents a walled French town, like Toul, or Metz, or Strasbourg, before which stand the messengers of the Prussian general in command of the besieging army. The wall is surrounded by a moat, which, owing to the point of view taken by the artist, is only visible in the distance on the



THE SURRENDER OF SEDAN.

left. How vividly does this picture recall to our minds the first scene in the second act of "King John," before the walls of Angiers. We can almost hear these trumpeters calling forth, like King Philip in that scene:

> "Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
> In that behalf which we have challenged it?
> Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
> And stalk in blood to our possession?"

And how aptly might King WILLIAM, in relation to this whole conflict, say with King JOHN, in the same scene:

> "Peace be to France: if France in peace permit
> Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
> If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
> Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
> Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven."

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

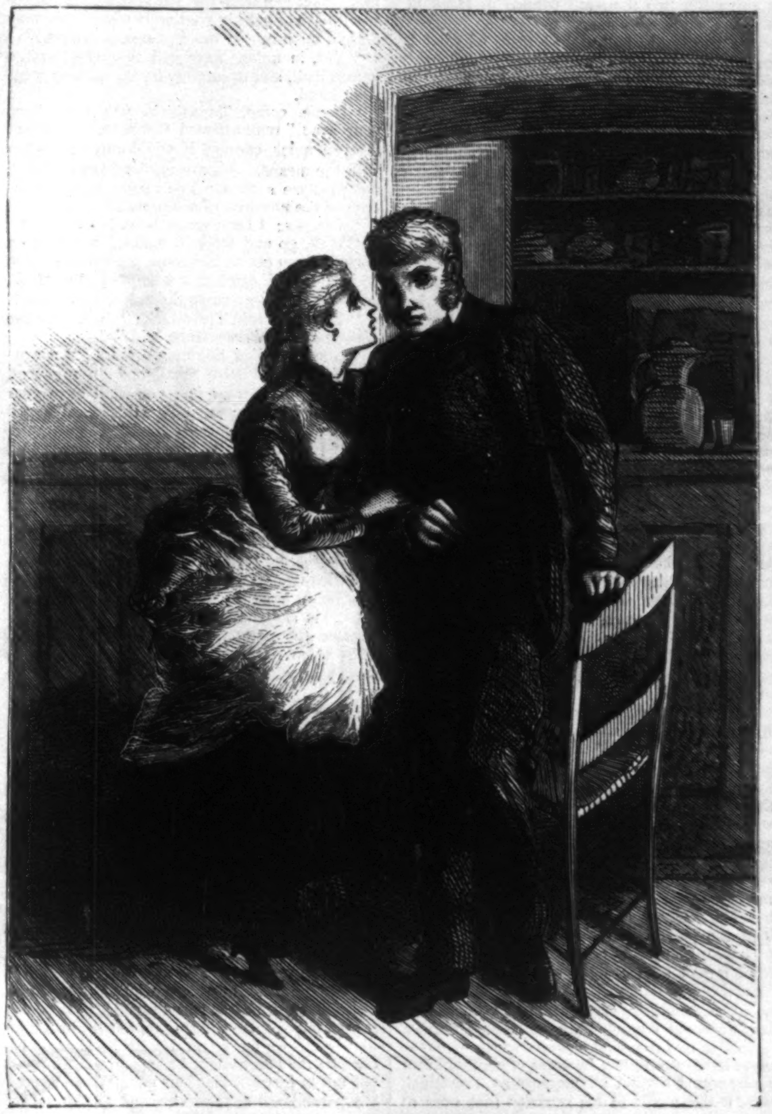
CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LETTER LOCK.

ON the day that Richard left Gethin, which was itself an incident to keep the tongues of its gossips wagging for a good week, another occurrence took place in that favored neighborhood, and one of even more absorbing interest—the workings of Dunloppel were suspended. This, of course, was not a wholly unexpected catastrophe. The new vein, after giving an exceedingly rich yield for some months, had of late, it was whispered, evinced signs of exhaustion, although the fact was not known that for several weeks the undertaking had been carried on at a loss. Neither Trevethick nor Solomon, who were the principal proprietors, was the sort of man to play long at a losing game, or to send good money after bad; so, for the present, the pit was closed. But Solomon believed in Dunloppel; contrary to his custom, he had not disposed of a single share when the mine was at a premium, and his stake in it was very large.

Only a few minutes after Richard had departed for Plymouth with his check, Solomon returned to the inn with thoughtful brow.

Trevethick was moodily smoking his pipe in the porch, still balancing the rival claims of his sons-in-law elect, and dissatisfied with both of them. He did not share Solomon's hopes, and he detested losing his money above every thing. "Well, you've packed off all those fellows, I hope, that have been eating me out of house and home for these three weeks?"



"SHE DRAGGED UPON HIS ARM."

"I've closed the mine, if that's what you mean," said Solomon. "But" (he looked cautiously up at the windows of the inn, which were all open—the guests were out in search of the picturesque, and Harry was on the tower, straining her eyes after Richard) "I want to have a word with you in private, Trevethick."

"Come into the bar parlor, then," grunted the landlord, for he did not much relish the idea of a confidential talk with Solomon just then, since it might have relation to a matter about which he had not fully made up his mind to give him an answer.

"Is that young painter fellow out of the way, then?" asked Solomon. "We have never had a place to ourselves, it seems to me, since *he* came to Gethin."

"Yes, yes, he's far enough off," answered Trevethick, more peevishly than before, for Sol's remark seemed to foreshadow the very subject he would fain have avoided talking about. "He's gone to Plymouth, he is, and won't be back these five days."

"Umph!" said Sol. If he had said, "I wish he would never come back at all," he could not have expressed his feelings more clearly.

"Well," growled Trevethick, when they were in his sanctum, and had shut the door, "what is it now? Bad news, of course, of some sort."

It was a habit with Trevethick, as it is with many men of his stamp, to have a perpetual grievance against Providence—to profess themselves as never astonished at any bad turn that *It* may do them—and, besides, he was on the present occasion desirous of taking up a position of discontent beforehand, so that the expected topic might not appear to have produced it.

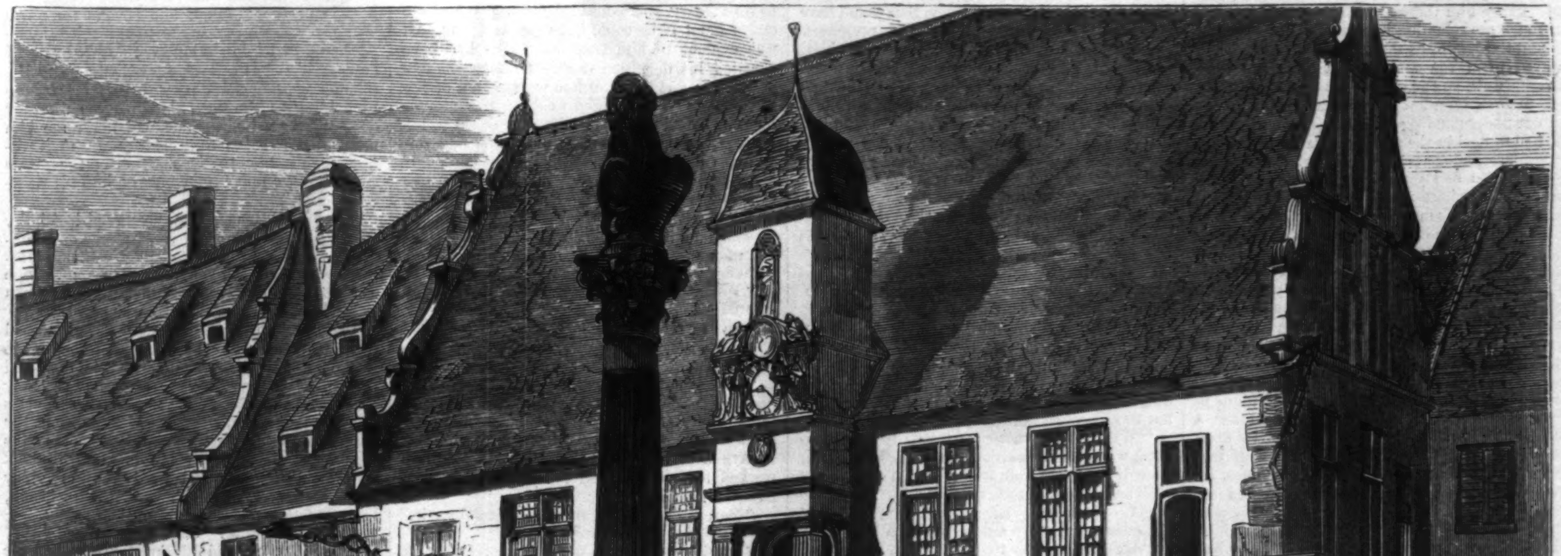
"No; it's good news, Trevethick," said Solomon, quietly—"the best of news, as it seems to me; and I hope to bring you over to the same opinion."

"He's got some scheme for marrying Harry out of hand," thought the harassed landlord. "How the deuce shall I put him off?"

There was not the slightest excuse for doing so; if Solomon had been of a less phlegmatic disposition, he might have married her a year ago, young as she was. "Read this," said he, producing a letter from his pocket, "and tell me what you think of it. It's old Stratum's report upon the mine."

"Ay, ay," said Trevethick, diving into his capacious pocket for his silver spectacles. As a general rule, he was wont to receive all such reports with discredit, and to throw cold water upon Sol's more sanguine views; but it was several minutes before he could get himself into his normal state of dissatisfied depression, so much relieved was he to find that his daughter was not to be the topic of the conversation.

"Here's the plan," continued Solomon, "which accompanied the letter. I got it just after I dismissed the men; and, upon my life, I'd half a



RECEPTION OF THE PRUSSIANS BY THE GEESE OF MOLSHEIM.—[SEE PAGE 660.]

mind to set them on again. But I thought I'd just have a talk with you first."

"Ay," said Trevethick—"well?" He was quite himself again now—crafty, prudent, reticent; about as unpromising a gentleman to "get on with," far less get the better of in a bargain, as a Greek Jew. But Solomon was quite accustomed to him.

"Stratum feels confident about the continuation of the lode, you see; and also that the fault is not considerable. We shall not have to sink fifty feet, he thinks, before we come on the vein again."

"He *thinks*," said Trevethick, contemptuously. "Is he ready to sink his own money in it?"

"It's no good asking him that," said Solomon, coolly, "because he's got none. But I have always found Stratum pretty correct in his judgment; and, as for me, I believe in Dunloppel. The question is, Shall I go on with it single-handed, or will you go shares?"

"If it's so good a thing, why not keep it yourself, Sol?"

"Because my money is particularly well laid out at present, and I don't want to shift it."

"That's just the case with mine," said Trevethick, from behind the plan.

"I thought you might have five hundred pounds or so lying idle, that's all," returned the other. "I'd give six per cent. for it just now."

"Oh, that's another thing. Perhaps I have. I'll see about it."

"If you could get it me at once, that would be half the battle," urged Solomon. "There are some good men at the mine whom I should not like to lose. If I could send round to-night to tell them not to engage themselves elsewhere, since they're opening so many new pits just now, that would be a relief to my mind."

"Very good; you may do that, then. I'll write for the money to-morrow."

So blunt, straightforward, and exceedingly unpleasant a man as John Trevethick was, ought to have been the very incarnation of Truth, whereas that last observation of his was, to say the least of it, Jesuitical. There was no occasion to write to any body for what he had got above stairs, locked up in his private strong-box. But he did not wish all the world to know that, nor even his *alter ego*, Solomon Coe.

Trevethick, although a close-fisted fellow, was no miser in the vulgar sense. He kept this vast sum at hand, partly because he had no confidence in ordinary securities, and partly because he wished to be in a position, at a moment's notice, to accomplish his darling scheme. If Carew should happen to change his mind, it would be because he was in want of ready money, and he would be in mad haste to get it. His impatience on such occasions brooked no delay on the score of advantage; and the man that could offer him what he wanted, as it were, in his open hand, would be the financier he would favor in preference to a much less grasping accommodator, who might keep him waiting for a week. It was not so much the tempting bait of ready money that caught the Squire as the fact of his wishes being obeyed upon the instant. He had not been used to wait, and his pride revolted against it; and many a time had a usurer missed his mark by not understanding with how great a bashaw he had to deal in the person of Carew of Crompton. Trevethick was aware of this, and indeed the chaplain had given him a hint to keep the proposed purchase-money within easy reach, in case the Squire's mood might alter, or his necessities demand his consent to what Mr. Whymper honestly believed to be a very advantageous offer. Otherwise, Trevethick was not one to keep a hoard in his house for the mere pleasure of gloating over it. He had not looked into his strong-box for months, nor would he have done so now, but for this unexpected demand upon it. It was safe enough, he knew, in his daughter's room; and as for its having been opened, that was an impossibility; the padlock hung in front of it as usual, and it would have taken a man half a lifetime to have hit upon its open sesame by trial. He was justly proud of that letter lock, which was his own contrivance, invented when he was quite a young man, and had been perforce compelled to turn his attention to mechanics, and he considered it a marvel of skill. It was characteristic in him that he had never revealed its secret even to his daughter. Indeed, with the exception of Harry, nobody at Gethin—save, perhaps, Hannah, when she dusted her young mistress's room—had ever set eyes upon it, nor, if they had, would they have understood its meaning.

It was therefore without the slightest suspicion of its having been tampered with, that, an hour or two after the conversation just narrated, Trevethick repaired to his strong-box, with the intention of taking from it the sum of money required by Solomon. The padlock was like a little clock, except that it had the letters of the alphabet round its face instead of figures, and three hands instead of two; this latter circumstance insured, by its complication, the safety of the treasure, but at the same time rendered it useless—unless he broke the box open—to the possessor himself if by any accident he should forget the letter time at which he had set it; and accordingly Trevethick was accustomed to carry a memorandum of this about with him; even if he lost it, it would be no great matter, for what meaning would it convey to any human being to find a bit of paper with the letters B, N, Z upon it? Harry, as we have said, was out of the house, so his daughter's room was untenanted. He went to a cupboard, and took down the box from its usual shelf, with the same feeling of satisfaction that an old poet recurs to his first volume of verse; he may have written better things, and things that have brought him more money, but those spring leaves are dearest to him of all. So it was with Trevethick's spring lock. He adjusted the hands, and the padlock sprang open; he lifted the lid, and the box was empty; the two thousand pounds in Bank of England notes were gone.

He was a big bull-necked man, of what is called (in the reports of inquests) "a full habit of body," and the discovery was almost fatal to him. His face grew purple, the veins in his forehead stood out, and his well-seasoned head, which liquor could so little affect, went round and round with him, and sang like a humming-top. He was on the very brink of a fit, which might have "annihilated space and time" (as far as he was concerned), "and made two lovers happy." But the star of Richard Yorke was not in the ascendant. The old man held on by the shelf of the cupboard, and gradually came to himself. He did not even then comprehend the whole gravity of the position; the sense of his great loss—not only of so much wealth, but of that which he had secured with such toil, and laid by unproductively so long for the accomplishment of his darling purpose—monopolized his mind. Who *could* have been the thief? was the one question with which he concerned himself, and the answer was not long delayed. It was the coincidence of amount in the sum stolen with that which Richard had gone to Plymouth to realize, that turned his suspicions upon the young artist. Why, the scoundrel had fixed upon that very sum as the test of his possessing an independence for a reason that was now clear enough: it was the exact limit of what he knew he could lay his hand upon. But how *did* he know?—or, rather (for the old man's thoughts were still fixed upon the mechanical mystery of his loss), how did he open the padlock? Then there flashed upon his mind that incident of his having dropped the memorandum out of his watch-case in the bar parlor in Richard's presence, and the whole affair seemed as clear as day. It was Richard's intention to change the notes at Plymouth for the paper of the Miners' Bank, or for gold, and then to exhibit it to him in its new form as his own property. He did not believe that the young artist intended to steal it; but he was by no means less furious with him upon that account—quite otherwise. He piqued himself upon his caution and long-headedness, and resented every deception practiced upon him even more than an injury. Moreover, he felt that but for Solomon's unexpected request for the loan the plan would have succeeded. In all probability, he would not have discovered his loss until it had been too late—he would not have known how to refuse the young man leave to become his daughter's suitor; and once his son-in-law, he could scarcely have prosecuted him for replacing two thousand pounds' worth of bank-notes in his strong-box by notes of another kind. Exasperated beyond all measure as Trevethick was, it did credit to his sagacity that even at such a moment he did not conceive of Richard Yorke as being a common thief. But he concluded him to be much worse, and deserving of far heavier punishment, as a man that would have obtained his daughter under false pretenses. He went down stairs, taking the box with him, to seek his friend. Solomon had just returned from the cottage over the way, where he had been giving orders to one of the best miners to still hold himself engaged at Dunloppel, and had bidden him tell others the same. He was in high spirits, and was twirling about in his large hands Mr. Stratum's diagnosis of the mine.

"You may put that away and have done with it," said Trevethick, hoarsely; "I have no money to lend you for that, nor nothing else. This box held two thousand pounds of mine, but it's all gone now."

"Two thousand pounds!" exclaimed Solomon, too amazed at the magnitude of the sum to realize what had happened to it. "Two thousand pounds in a box!" He had always suspected that the old man kept something in a stocking-foot, and had often rallied him upon his unnecessary caution with respect to investments; but this statement of his appeared incredible.

"What does it matter if it was twenty thousand, when I tell you it's gone," said Trevethick, sullenly. "That limb of the devil, Yorke, is off with every shilling of it."

"Do you mean to say *he's* stolen it?" inquired the other, even more astonished than before.

"He's taken it to Plymouth with him, that's all."

Solomon Coe was a man of action, and prompt in emergencies, but for the moment he was fairly staggered. He had no liking for Richard, but such a charge as this appeared incredible; it seemed more likely that the old man had repented of his late offer of the loan of five hundred pounds, and had invented this monstrous fiction to excuse himself.

"Where was the box kept?" asked Solomon, dryly.

For a moment or two Trevethick was silent.

"It is as I suspected," thought the other; "the old man is making up the story as he goes on."

But the fact was that this question had gone to the very root of the matter, and opened Trevethick's dull eyes wide. In his chagrin at his loss (though he did believe it would be temporary), and irritation at his sagacity having been set at naught, he had overlooked the most serious feature of the whole catastrophe. How had Yorke come to the knowledge that the strong-box was kept in Harry's room? and under what circumstances had he obtained access to it?

"Where's Harry?" exclaimed Trevethick, starting up with a great oath; for it flashed upon him that she had fled with Richard. "Where's my daughter?"

"I saw her in the village just now," said Solomon, "talking to old Madge. She had been for a stroll out Turlock way, she said. But what's the use of vexing *her* about the matter? Women are much best kept in the dark when one don't want things to be talked about. The more quiet you keep this story, the more chance you'll have of getting your money back, you may depend upon it. It was in notes, of course?"

"Yes, in notes," answered the other, with a vacant look, and drumming on the table with his right hand.

"Come, come, Trevethick, you must keep your head," remonstrated Solomon. "I'll act for you quick enough, if you'll only supply me with the means. It's a great loss, but it should not paralyze a man. You've got a memorandum of the numbers of the notes?"

"Yes, yes; I have somewhere."

"Well, go and fetch it, while I order out a horse. I can get to Plymouth before wheels can do it, and shall catch this scoundrel yet. He'll be going there to change the notes, I reckon?"

"Yes, yes," said Trevethick; "he'll be at the *George and Vulture*; so he said."

"Good," replied Solomon. "I'll get a warrant from old Justice Smallgood on my way. Rouse up, man, rouse up; you shall have your money back, I tell you, and see this rascal lagged for life into the bargain."

"If I could only get him hanged!" answered the old man, fiercely—"if I could only get *him* hanged, Sol, I'd let the money go, and welcome!"

Solomon stared after him, as he left the room and tramped up stairs in search of the list of notes, with a ludicrous expression of wonder. In *his* eyes, no revenge at present seemed worth so extravagant a price. But Trevethick had his reasons, or thought he had, for this excess of hate; his slow-moving yet powerful nature resembled the python—it was exceedingly tenacious when its object was once grasped, and it was apt to glut itself.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A HARD ALTERNATIVE.

SOLOMON had ridden off, and was half-way to Turlock before Trevethick felt himself sufficiently collected to summon Hannah, and bid her send for her young mistress. He could not go in search of her himself and speak what he had to ask: no bird of the air must carry her reply, no wind of heaven breathe it, if it was such as he feared. There must be no "scene" in public to let loose the gossips' tongues. He sat in the bar parlor, with his huge head leaning on his hands, brooding over his wrongs, and waiting for her—for the daughter by whose wicked connivance, as he thought, he had been despoiled of his hard-earned gains. He did not reproach himself for having thrown her so much with Richard, in order that the latter might be kept in good-humor, and apt to forward his plans as to Wheal Danes. He "wondered at their vice, and not his folly." As to there being any thing beyond a flirtation between the young people, he did not suspect it; but even as matters were, he was bitterly enraged against Harry, and would have strangled Richard out of hand if he could have got near him. It was evident to him that this fellow had been courting his daughter, though he knew she was plighted to another, and had wormed out of her the secret of his hoarded wealth. Six months ago she would not for her life have dared to tell what she knew he wished to hide; and now this young villain had wound himself so cunningly about her that she had no will but his, and had even helped him to rob her own flesh and blood. His heel was on that serpent's head, however, or would be in a day or two, and *then*— The old man ground his teeth as though his enemy were between them.

"Well, father, here I am; Hannah said you wanted me."

Harry's voice was as calm as she could make it, but her young limbs trembled, and her face was very pale.

"Come here—nearer!" cried Trevethick, hoarsely, seizing her by the wrist. "Do you know that you are the only creature but two—but one, I may say, for gratitude ain't love—that I have ever loved in this world—that I have worked for you, planned for you, and for you only, all my life?"

"Yes, father; and I am very grateful for it," answered she, submissively.

"No doubt," sneered the old man; "and the way you show how much you feel it, the way you show your duty and your love to your father in return, is to put a thief—a lying, cheating thief—in the road to rob him!"

"You must be mad, father!" exclaimed Harry, in blank amazement. "I know no thief!"

"You know Richard Yorke, you wicked, wanton wench!" interrupted Trevethick, passionately. "And how could *he* have heard of yonder box except through you? Of course you'll lie; a lie or two is nothing to one like you. But here's the proof. The padlock has been opened, the money taken. Who did it? Who could have done it, except him, or you?"

"As I am a living woman, father, as I hope for heaven," answered Harry, earnestly, "I did not do it, and I do not know who did."

"You didn't, and you don't! The thing's incredible. Reach here that Bible." He still held her by the wrist. "You shall swear that, and be damned forever! What! you never told that villain where my money lay?"

"I did tell Mr. Yorke that, father. Pray, pray, be patient. It was long ago; we were talking together about I know not what, and it slipped from me that you kept money in a strong-box. That was all."

"All," said the old man, bitterly, and flinging her arm away from him, the wrist all black and bruised with his angry clutch. "What more, or worse, could you have told than the one secret I had bid you keep? You told him the exact sum, too, I'll warrant? Two thousand pounds!"

"Yes, father, I did. It was very wrong, and I was very sorry directly I had done it. But I knew the secret would be safe with a gentleman like Mr. Yorke."

"A gentleman! A cheat, an impostor, a common rogue!"

"Oh no, oh no, father!"

"But I say 'yes.' To-morrow he will have the handcuffs on him! What! Have you tears for him, and none for me, you slut! Perhaps you *showed* him where the box was kept, as well as told him! Did you, *did* you?"

There was something in Harry's frightened face that made her father rise and lock the door.

"Speak low!" said he, in an awful voice; "you have something to tell me. Tell it."

"Only that I love him, father—oh, so much!" pleaded Harry, passionately. "Indeed, indeed, I could not help it! I tried to love Sol, because you wished it, but it was no use; I felt that even before Richard came. We walked every day together for weeks and weeks, and he was so different from Sol, so bright and pleasant, and he loved me from the first, he said. He told me, too, that you had listened with favor to his suit, or, at all events, had not refused to listen—that there was good hope of your consenting to it, and without that hope he knew he could not win me. I only promised to be his on that condition. Speak to me, father; pardon me, father! Don't look at me so. He never meant to thieve, I am sure of that. You asked of him some warrant of his wealth, some proof that he could afford to marry me. You would not have done that had you set your face utterly against him. And I think—I fear—though Heaven is my witness that I knew nothing of it until now, that he took this money only to bring it back to you again, and win your favor. It was an ill deed, if he has really done it, which even yet I do not credit; but it was done for my sake; then for *my* sake, father, pity him, pardon him!" She had thrown herself upon her knees beside the old man's chair; her long hair had come unfastened, and trailed upon the sanded floor; her hands were clasped in an agony of supplication. No pictured Magdalen ever looked more wretched or more beautiful.

"You have more to tell?" said the old man, harshly.

She shook her head, and uttered a plaintive moan.

"Then *I* have," continued he. "You say you love this man; now *I* hate him! I do not regret that he has robbed me, since, by that act, he has placed himself in my power, and I mean to use it to the uttermost; but for his cozening me to my face, as he has done so long, and for his smooth, false ways, and for his impudent tales, which I had half believed, and for his audacious attempt to pluck you from the hand for which I had designed you, I *hate* him. I tell you," cried out the old man, fiercely, "if this villain had fifty lives, and the law would help me to them, I would exact them all! If he stood here, I would brain him with yonder staff; and if my curse could follow him beyond the grave—as my vengeance shall to the grave's brink—he should perish in eternal fire! *Hate* him? I almost hate you for having loved him; and if I thought you would dare to cross me further by holding to him now, I'd drive you from my door this very hour. You will never see him more; but I shall, once. This mouth shall witness against him to the uttermost; these ears shall hear the judge pronounce on him his righteous doom."

"No, no," gasped the young girl, faintly. "If you do not hate me yet, I pray you to unsay those words. When you curse Richard, father, you are cursing you know not whom." She dragged upon his arm, and brought his ear down to the level of her mouth, and whispered in it.

The old man started to his feet, and pushed her from him with a hideous oath; then made as though he would have unlocked the door and thrown it wide, to drive her, as he had so lately threatened, from his roof. But there was a noise of many feet and chattering and laughter in the passage without, which showed that some of the tourist guests had just come in. Only a plank intervened between that little knot of giddy pleasure-seekers, with their jokes and small-talk, and the father and daughter in their agony.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the wretched girl.

Trevethick clapped his hand upon her little mouth, with, "Hush, fool! hush!" and she felt thankful that he called her by no worse name.

"Forgive me—pity—pardon," murmured she.

"Listen!" said he, in a stern whisper. "Obey me now, you wicked, wanton slut, or I proclaim your shame before them all; one minute will decide your fate! Be stubborn, and you shall go forth through yonder door, discarded, friendless, infamous, to beg your bread, or win it how you will; be tractable, and even yet you shall have a father and a home. Make choice, and quickly; and having made it, be you sure of this, that it shall hold. Do you hear me, trollop?"

"I hear! I hear!" she murmured, shuddering. "I will obey you now, and ever."

"Then marry Solomon Coe—at once—within the month."

"Oh, father, mercy!"

His fingers were on the door, and the key grated in the lock.

"The sea-air makes one famish," said a gay voice outside.

"It's lucky," laughed another, "for there is sure to be nothing for dinner but the inevitable ham and eggs."

In another instant the final barrier between herself and public shame would have been withdrawn by that relentless hand.

"I promise—I promise—spare me!" cried the unhappy girl, and fell fainting on the floor.

The old man drew a long, deep breath, and wiped his forehead. His victory had not been lightly won. He lifted his daughter up and carried her to the sofa; then raised the little clumsy window, rarely opened, and propped it with a stick, so that the breeze might blow upon her tear-stained cheek. How white and worn and emptied of all joy it looked! As he gazed upon her, a touch of pity stole into her father's face. He poured out a little spirits in a glass, and put it to her lips. "Take a sup of this, and you'll be better, child."

She opened her heavy eyes, and shook her head.

"You said you would have mercy, father, if I promised?"

"Yes, yes; all shall be forgotten. We will not even speak of it to one another."

"And you will pardon *him?* You will not hurt my Richard?"

"Your Richard!"

"Yes, for he was mine once. You will not bear witness against him before the judge? Is he not punished enough in losing me? Am *I* not punished?"

"Silence!" exclaimed the old man, in a terrible voice. His hand, trembling with passion, had struck against the strong-box, and at its touch his wrath broke out in flame. "That man is dead to you henceforth! You gave your promise without conditions. Moreover, his fate is in the hands of the law, and not in mine."

TWO HARVESTS.

THROUGHOUT its length and breadth, from shore to shore,
The golden harvest-fields of our blest land
Have yielded up their increase, and the store
Strown by the great Creator's open hand
Is garnered; so our prayer for daily bread
Is by our Father heard, and answered.

But France! Oh! weep for France! In place of grain
Behold the bloody harvest that she yields!
Instead of binding sheaves, she heaps the slain,
Scattered by tens of thousands on her fields!
Her and Germania's best and bravest lie—
Brothers *in death*—beneath the peaceful sky!

And where, when falls the mellow autumn day,
Homeward should creak the overflowing wains,
Piled high with goodly wheat, there roll away
The wagon-loads of wounded o'er the plains!
And where her grapes are ripening in the sun,
More purple still—behold her life-blood run!

Oh, sister France! and thou, brave Father-land,
Hear, hear the prayer we send from this far shore;
Oh, sheath the sword, and stay th' uplifted hand
Ere yet unsated Death reap more and more!
Surely *thy* harvest now is finished!
God help thy children when they cry for bread!

THE TOURISTS AT GRAVELOTTE.

ORDERED HOME.

THE armed truce, which is the accustomed counterfeit of peace in Europe, is ever full of shadows, and one of these seemed to have darkened the latticed windows of the little Swiss inn on the mountain-side, as the three friends sat down to breakfast, in spite of the straggling sun-ray that made a prism of the mist from the coffee-urn.

"Ulric, my good fellow," said Conway, "what news have you this morning? You are as glum as a Scotch fog."

"I have news that you English are always safe from; my summer wandering is cut short enough. De Senlis, my dear friend, I must give up my promised visit to your château at Gravelotte. I am ordered home."

"And so am I," replied the French count, "though my leave of absence is not yet half expired. This Spanish business threatens trouble, it seems, and I must be with my cuirassiers."

There seemed to be already a something of forced and studied coldness in the manner of the hitherto polite and genial tourist.

"But you, Ulric," said Conway, "you are not in the army?"

"All Prussians are soldiers; and I am a captain of Uhlans in the first ban of the Landwehr. Unless this matter is promptly settled I shall kill no partridges with you next September."

"I certainly hope that you will not be practicing at French uniforms instead," replied the Englishman. "How soon have you to start?"

"At once, or I shall run the risk of being late, and that would be a serious business. From my soul I hope there will be no fighting, but if there is, Ulric von Hippel must be in his place."

"And so must Raoul de Senlis," growled the Frenchman, rising from the hardly tasted breakfast. "If there is war, which I shall sincerely regret, the cry of all France will be, '*à Berlin!*'—we have been there before."

The blue eyes of the German shone with an unpleasant light, but he replied, without rising,

"The German swords can keep the Rhineland, even if no Blücher comes to bid us 'forwarts.'"

The Englishman sprang to his feet.

"De Senlis—Von Hippel—my dear fellows, I won't have a word of this nonsense. We can not meet at Gravelotte, and you two may not come to help murder my partridges, but the war, if there is to be one, shall not begin here. Shake hands now, and part like good friends, and like good soldiers as well. Which of you, if the other was wounded or a prisoner, would not be a brother to him?"

Somewhat rough in his way was Conway, with his huge proportions and his yellow whiskers, and he was actually blushing at his own impetuosity; but he had struck the right chord, and his two fellow-tourists extended their hands with a marked cordiality that had something of shame in it.

"Von Hippel, my dear friend, *pardon!* Some happier day we will meet at Gravelotte. Remember me most kindly to your family, and especially to the *fräulein*, your sister. War does not last forever."

"My dear De Senlis, I hope there will be no war; and if there is, the day may nevertheless come when we shall meet at Gravelotte, as good friends as ever."

"Even the King and the Emperor would promise as much as that," half jocosely observed the Englishman. "But," he added, "it will be a fearful pity to have such men as you cutting each other's throats to keep the diplomats from making a bad Spaniard out of a very good Dutchman. I hope they won't drag us islanders into the mess."

The breakfast was not yet cold, and the three now forced themselves to do it justice; but when that duty was done there was nothing for it but a few hasty but very good-humored and manly farewells.

And so they parted.

AT GRAVELOTTE.

It was late in the afternoon of the great battle, and the shattered columns of the French had slowly retired from a shot-torn slope whereon the heaps of mangled forms testified to their own obstinate courage and the destroying power of the needle-guns.

A cloud of Prussian cavalry was hovering in the valley below as if meditating pursuit, and the leaden rain-drops of war were still falling every where; but all that did not seem to disconcert the movements of a tall figure in citizen's dress that moved slowly on from man to man among the dead and dying.

The white cross on his breast indicated that he belonged to the volunteer sanitary corps—that most Christian of modern war inventions—and he displayed some skill in the rapid attentions which he gave to one and another of the sufferers.

"If I don't mean to be hit," grumbled he, "I must get away from this. Ha, that was a close shot! Hullo, here come some Uhlans! Well, it won't do to run, and I don't think they will disturb me. I'm sure I saw him fall, and not far from here. Ah, God pity his poor mother! here he is. De Senlis?"

"Conway, my friend, *you* here?"

The question came, in a tone of unmeasured astonishment, from the bearded lips of the leader of a small column of Prussian light cavalry, or Uhlans, who had ridden rapidly up the slope.

"Ulric, is it you, my dear fellow? Yes, I am here. Don't you see my white cross? We three have met at Gravelotte, but the count can not welcome you."

"What! De Senlis?"

"It was, ten minutes since, but now—" and even the self-contained Englishman could only pause and point to the still quivering corpse.

The blue eyes of the German clouded as he leaned forward in his saddle to look at the white face of his late fellow-tourist.

"Is this Gravelotte?" he murmured, as if speaking to himself.

"That village away yonder," said Conway. "Do you see that burning house among the trees about half-way? That was De Senlis's country seat. I was there this morning with his mother."

Brief was the conference, for, as a bugle-call came pealing up the slope, the captain of Uhlans shook his head, waved his hand in farewell, and wheeled his horse to retreat. As he did so he suddenly reeled, and then straightened in his stirrups, and while two of his men spurred forward to support his falling form, he turned his head, as if with a dying effort, and shouted,

"Conway, I had a message for De Senlis from my sister, if I met him at Gravelotte."

Conway was left standing alone, but the whistling balls forbade him to stay, and he strode onward toward the retreating lines of the French.

A day or two later a Paris morning paper contained, among its other war news and incidents of the disasters to the arms of France, the following item:

"An Englishman, who had been one of the most daring and useful spies of our ferocious invaders, under pretense of serving in the volunteer sanitary corps, was shot by order of General ——, after the battle. He was actually seen, by several officers, in communication with the enemy on the very battle-field. Death to all spies!"

The three tourists are still at Gravelotte.

PRIMITIVE MAN.

EVEN more remarkable than the ancient caverns are the rock-shelters which have been identified as the dwelling-places of primitive man. In various parts of France many specimens of these early settlements—one can scarcely call them retreats—have been discovered, mere sheltering-places under some overhanging rock. Sheds, perhaps, were built there, all traces of which have long since perished; but man has left more enduring traces of his presence. On the left bank of the river Aveyron, for instance, under the overhanging brows of the rocks of Bruniquel, was discovered a fire-hearth of the pre-historic period, as well as a host of objects, the study of which has furnished many data concerning this epoch of humanity. The area covered by this shelter is two hundred and ninety-eight square yards. The bones of the horse—though these are comparatively rare—of the ox, of the urus, the elk, the ibex, and the chamois are found there, all showing signs of the action of fire. Many pounds' weight of the half-roasted bones of the water-rat prove that that now despised delicacy formed a feature in the primitive *menu*. Fish-bones are also found in great quantities; and even skeletons of fish, rudely traced upon fragments of bone and horn. Reindeer's horn was, in that stage of man's existence, all that iron is to us. Their arms, their implements, their ornaments, were all made of this substance; and their favorite dainty was the marrow of the long bones, which they extracted by fracture, without spoons. We are sorry to say that these ancestors of ours labor under the suspicion of cannibalism. On certain children's bones of these epochs found in Scotland Professor Owen has recognized the trace of human teeth. Human finger-joints have been detected among the remains of cooking in the epoch of the great bear and mammoth, and also (later) in that of the reindeer. In a cave in Northern Italy was found the small shin-bone of a child, which had been carefully cleansed and emptied to satisfy the inordinate primeval taste for marrow. Not the least trace of dogs having gnawed any relics of a feast of this epoch has been discovered; hence it is declared that these animals had not yet been reduced to a state of domesticity. It is also proved that men wore clothes. A large number of reindeer antlers have been found with certain cuts at their base, which evidently could only have been produced in flaying the animal. Nay, these dandies were not content with the mere skins; flint scrapers are every where met with, which they used for scraping the hair off; and bodkins and stilettoes made of flint and bone—exactly the same as are now used by the Esquimaux—for sewing the different pieces together. Certain reindeer bones also give evidence that the sinewy fibres of that animal were used for thread. No metal, however, was yet known; besides the hatchet and the flint knife there was no weapon. The ornaments were made out of the tooth of a wolf, or the bony part of a hare's ear. In some places were great emporiums or manufactories of flint weapons. In the cave of Chaleux were found nearly twenty thousand flints chipped into hatchets, daggers, knives, scrapers, scratchers, and spear-heads. Whistles have been also found made from the first joint of the foot of the reindeer. "We ourselves," says Monsieur Figuier, "have had the pleasure of verifying the fact that these primitive whistles act very well." Perhaps the last person that blew into it had eaten mastodon, or his own mother, ten thousand years ago! He had certainly eaten dog—bones of this animal, broken by the hand of man, and bearing marks of having been cut with a knife, place that fact beyond question.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A COUNTRY apothecary, not a little distinguished for his impudence, in the hope of disconcerting a young clergyman whom he knew to be a man of singular modesty, asked him in the presence of a large company, at a public assembly, "Why did the patriarchs of old live to such an old age?" To which the clergyman replied: "I suppose the ancient patriarchs took no physic."

A little boy, six years old, and a little girl, eight, were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed, "Oh, Minnie, I see a dog in the sky!" "Well, Willie," replied the sister, "it must be a sky-terrier!"

A New York Justice, after propounding the customary hymeneal conundrums, thus closes the ceremony: "In the name of the people of the State of New York, I pronounce you man and wife; and you solemnly swear to support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of New York, and to vote the Democratic ticket every time it comes round."

"Well, Pat," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Och, doctor dear, I enjoy very poor health entirely. The rumatics are very distressin', indade; when I go to slape I lay awake all night, and me toes is swilled up as big as a goose hen's egg, so whin I stand up I fall down immediately."

Some girls are like old muskets; they use a good deal of powder, but won't go off.

A wager was laid on the Yankee peculiarity to answer one question by asking another. To decide the bet, a Down-Easter was interrogated: "I want you," said the better, "to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question." "I kin du it, mister," said the Yankee. "Then why is it New Englanders always answer a question by asking one in return?" "*Du they?*" was Jonathan's reply.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life,
What was I born for? "For Somebody's wife,"
I am told by mother. Well, that being true,
"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view;
And if naught but marriage will settle my fate,
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.
For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman is?
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain
He who seeks for perfection will seek here in vain.
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,
And I should not feel grateful "for better or worse"
To take the first booby that graciously came,
And offered those treasures—his home and his name.
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small;
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let me try?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept;
But—this is the question that puzzles my mind—
Why am I not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life,
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife?"

"See here, I can't pass you," said the door-keeper of a theatre to a man who was trying to slip by unnoticed. "Can't you? Well, stand still, then, and I'll pass *you*." And pass he did.

PRE-HYSTERIC TIMES—Before tight lacing.

"Mary, why did you kiss your hand to the young gentleman opposite this morning?" said a careful parent to his blooming daughter. "Why, the fellow had the impudence to throw a kiss clear across the street at me, and, of course, I threw it back indignantly. You wouldn't have me encourage him by keeping it, would you?" Suspicious paternal relative is convinced that he drew an erroneous inference.

Love is an internal transport. So is a canal-boat.

A boot-black, having taken a situation in a store to sweep out and run errands, was questioned by some former associates whether he felt as good as when in business for himself. "Well, 'tis hard to be bossed round," was the reply; "but I pay it off on the ash-man."

I love to see the rain descend,
When I've a good umbrella;
I love to see a man get kicked,
When I am not the fellow.

I love to see a pretty dress,
When I don't have to buy it;
I love to see a pint of wine,
But not when I can't try it.

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put up his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks his master inquired how much he had saved. "Faith, none at all," said he; "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

A loquacious author, after chattering some time about his place to Sheridan, said, "Sir, I fear I have been intruding on your attention." "Not at all, I assure you," replied Sheridan; "I was thinking of something else."

PRESSED FOR TIME—Egyptian mummies.

LADY. "Before I engage you, I should like to know what your religion is?"

COOK. "Oh, ma'am, I always feels it my duty to be of the same religion as the family I'm in."

A BAD POLICY—One that has run out.

A clever mot is attributed to the Prince Imperial. When asked why people always said "Brave as a sword," and never "Brave as a cannon," he replied, "Because a cannon always recoils when it is fired."

"You ought to acquire the faculty of being at home in the best society," said a fashionable aunt to an honest nephew. "I manage that easy enough," responded the nephew, "by staying at home with my wife and children."

HUSBAND. "If I were to lose you I would never be such a fool as to marry again."

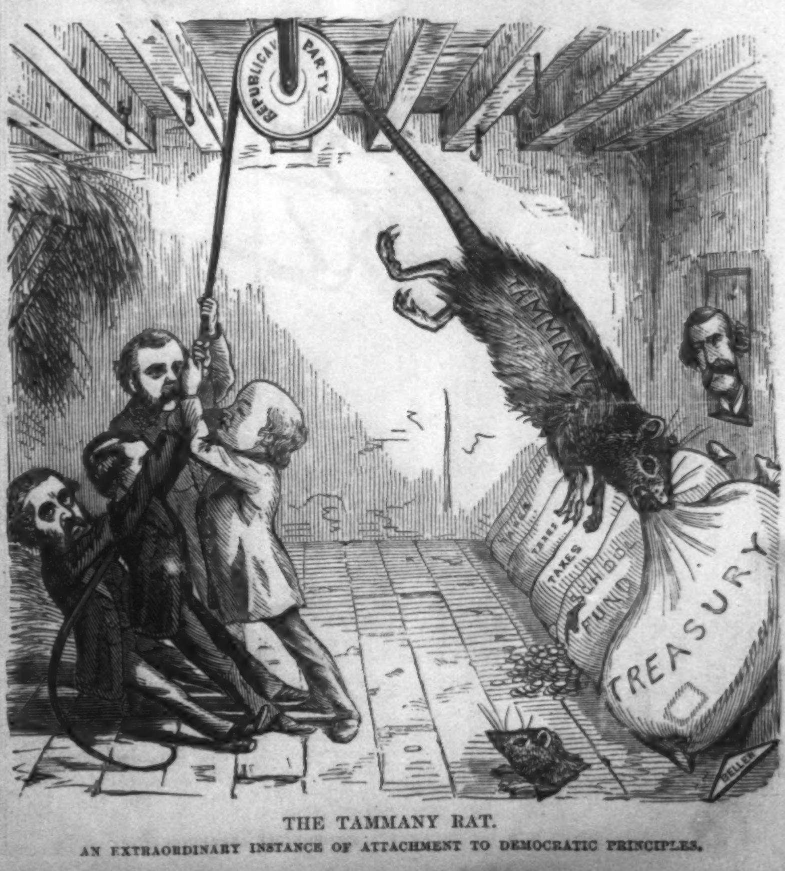
WIFE. "If I were to lose you I would marry again directly."

HUSBAND. "Then my death would be regretted by at least one person."

WIFE. "By whom?"

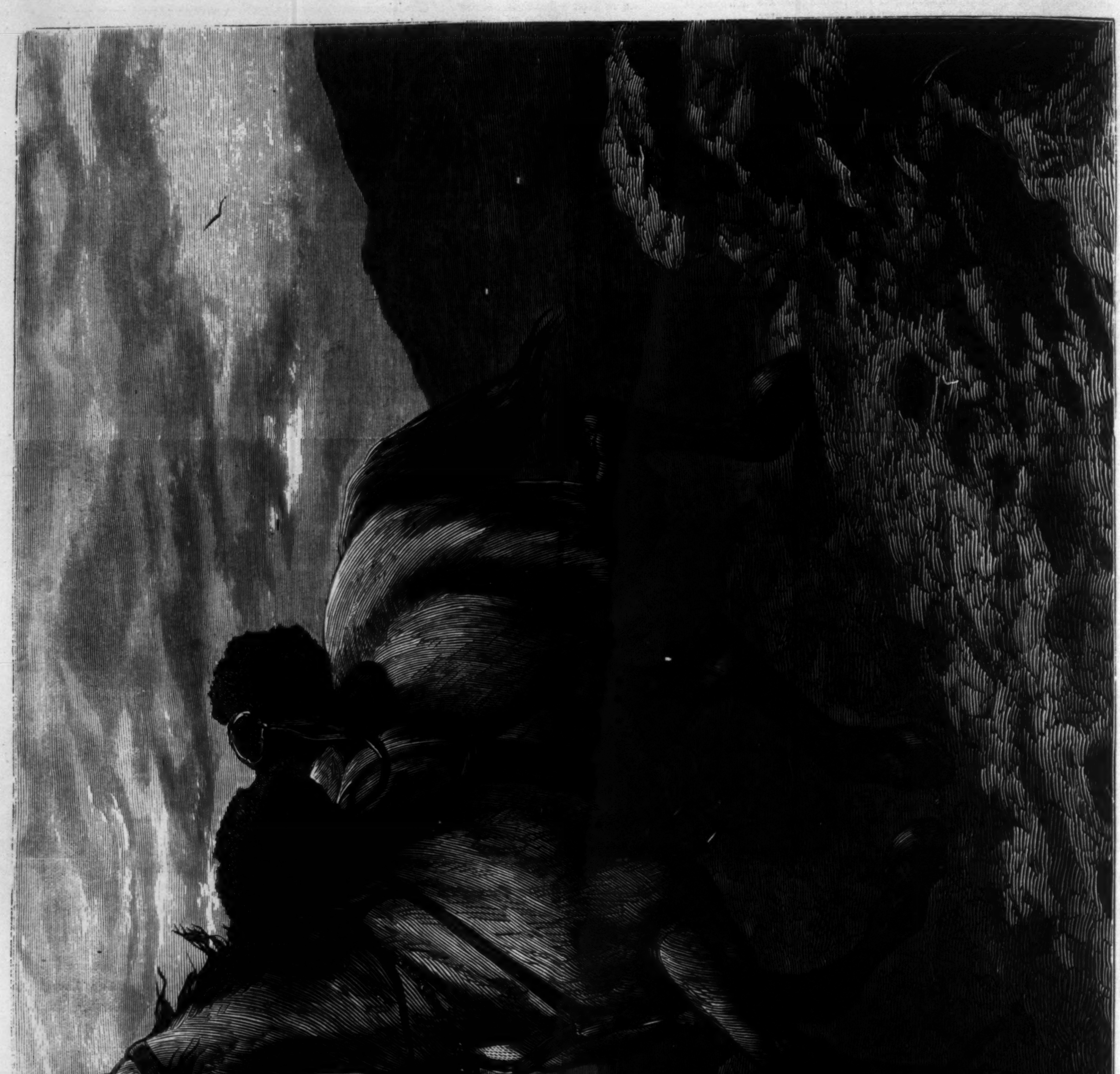
HUSBAND. "My successor."

A journal asks, What is the difference between a soldier and a fashionable young lady? and replies: One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

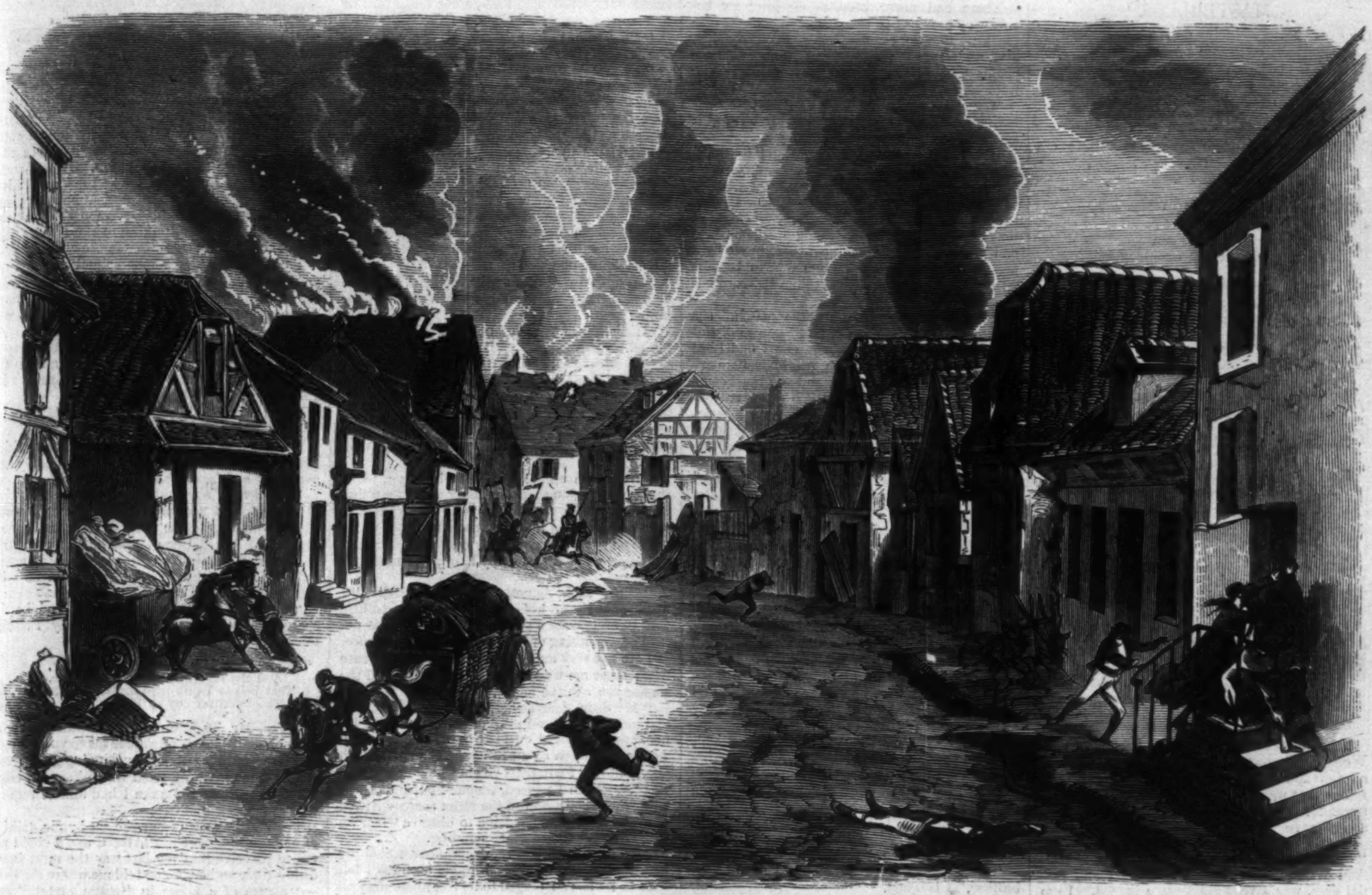


THE TAMMANY RAT.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF ATTACHMENT TO DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES.



MASTERLESS.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 666.]



UHLANS BURNING A FRENCH VILLAGE.

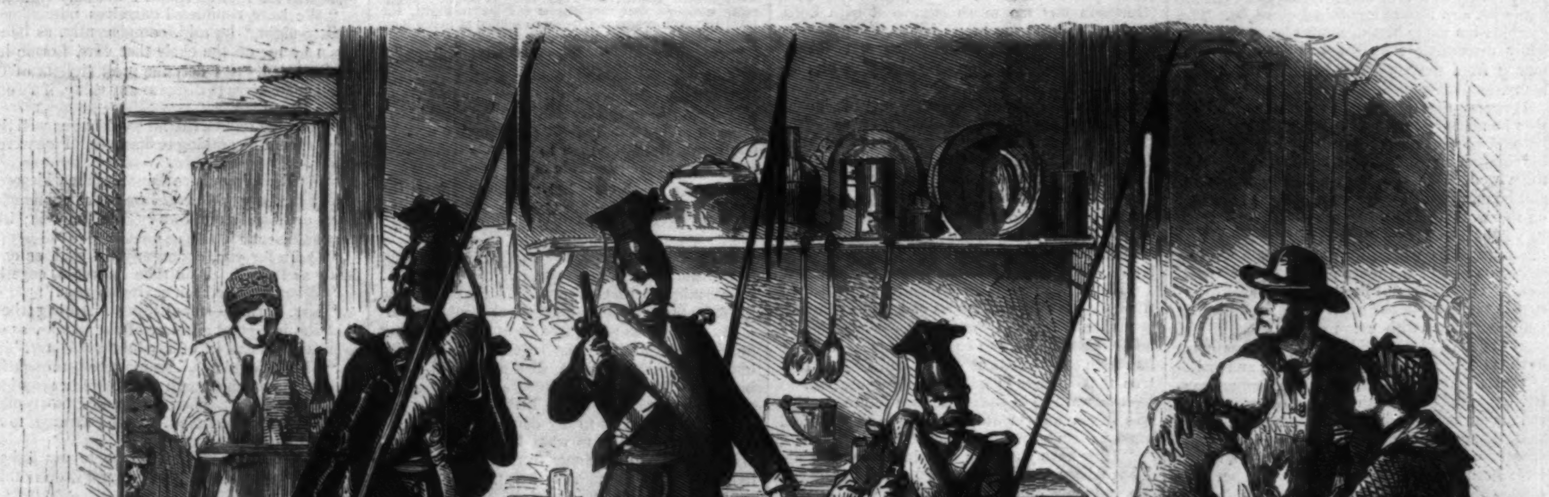
THE UHLANS.

What the Cossack was to an earlier generation of Frenchmen the Uhlan is to their descendants. Mysterious in name and ubiquitous in his movements, the blue-and-yellow horseman, with the heavy revolver in his belt, causes at once bewilderment and alarm. Uhlan is the Polish word for lancer, and is said to be derived from a Tartar root signifying brave, a vestige perhaps of Mongolian invasions.

But the Prussian lancer has nothing non-Germanic about him but his name. He is, in fact, a thorough Teuton, cool, hardy, intelligent, and good-humored, the *beau ideal* of a modern light-cavalry man. The officers speak both French and German, and are well acquainted with the topography of the country. When the armies are on the move the Uhlans are thrown out in front and on either flank. They mask the movements of their own forces while they pick up all possible information about the enemy. They tear up railways, cut telegraph-wires, and act as foragers for the main force. Mounted on wiry horses, mostly from the eastern provinces, and broken into small detachments, they are often left for days together to their own resources. The officer in command acts on his own responsibility. If he succeeds, he is employed again, and may hope for speedy promotion. If he fails, he is at once recalled, and serves for the rest of the campaign with the main body of the army.

The tales told of the enterprise and daring developed under this system are almost fabulous. Five hundred of these Uhlans covered the whole line of the frontier during the anxious fortnight in which the German forces were being mobilized, and succeeded in persuading the French marshals that they were the advanced guard of a large force. A party of five took tranquil possession of the town of Chalons, awing the inhabitants with their revolvers, and coolly smoking their pipes while they issued orders to prepare supplies for the troops which were on their way. At Haguenau, Nancy, Bar-le-Duc, resistance was in like manner crushed by sheer audacity. At once bold and wary, reckless of their lives, but careful to avoid unnecessary encounters, they are the eyes of the army; and the marvelous precision with which the operations of the campaign have been conducted is due, in great measure, to the active intelligence of the Uhlans.

One of our illustrations on this page represents a band of Uhlans making a requisition for food at a farm in Ardennes. Another represents the burning of a French village by these modern "Pandours." This is a too frequent spectacle; though, as a rule, the German troops are by no means disorderly.



UHLANS DEMANDING FOOD AT A FRENCH FARM-HOUSE.

MASTERLESS.

[See Illustration on Page 664.]

IN his harness-thongs of glory,
With his bridle blown before,
Comes a steed of heroic story,
With his fetlocks steeped in gore.

He has been where deeds most deadly
Their way through the carnage won;
Where bullets rained fiercely, deadly,
From Chassepôt and needle-gun.

Where art thou, O gallant Master?
Is thy race of glory run?
This eclipse of dire disaster,
Has it quenched thy noon-day sun?

For years upon years together
He listened to thy command;
Loving friends, come wind, come weather,
He obeyed thy guiding hand.

Say, where art thou, noble Master!
Since dark fate unloosed thy hold,
And, thy destroyer flying faster,
In the dust thy glory rolled?

He is free, while thou art lying
In a bondage worse than death;
He is free, thy aid defying,
He who hung upon thy breath!

Free! For what? For wildly straying?
Better thou wert here again!
Free! For shaft-toil worse than slaying?
Would thy grasp were on his rein!

Say, O France! amid disaster,
Is no dream of glory gone?
Freed thyself—thy noble Master
Captive lies, Napoleon!

MRS. LORME'S LITTLE PLOT.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

THERE were great preparations down at Woodside during the whole of the first week of a bright and not very long past July. And as all things that went on at Woodside had a vital interest for me, I was rather agitated by my own and other people's speculations concerning them.

Woodside was the great place—the only "place," in fact, of our Midlandshire village. And Woodside, to my inexperienced and partial eyes, was a very great place indeed. I am free to confess that my eyes were inexperienced, for I had lived my whole life of eighteen years in Chalton. That they were partial may be gathered from the fact that I had given my heart and plighted my troth to Alfred Dene, the eldest son and heir of the owner of the Woodside property.

My father was the cadet of a good, poor, clever, versatile family, and he inherited a fair share of the goodness, poverty, cleverness, and versatility of his race. He had commenced life as a midshipman in the Royal Navy, and he had been compelled to quit the service, which he always continued to love almost enthusiastically, through the spleen of a martinet. On this—the downfall of his first ambition—he had set himself with a splendid resolution to the cultivation of a literary ability of a rare kind. He was a brilliant humorist, and he was a polished classicist. The combination made him of mark among the critically discerning few, but brought him little money from the voracious-for-mere-amusement many.

However that may be, it suffices to say here that he made enough by his pen to live a life of lettered ease in a retired English village, to bring his children up with guarded care, and to educate them well. My two brothers, after successful and honorable university careers, were launched on the world respectively—the elder as a tutor to youths about to enter the civil service, and the younger as a barrister and a leading-article writer on one of the most paying of our "dailies." Thus, though I lived a life of rural seclusion in the flesh, in the spirit I was brought into familiar contact with much of the thought and power of the day—as evidenced by the treatment of the most exciting political, literary, and artistic topics. It is no outbreak of intellectual vanity, but simply the truth, told in order to make the reader better understand my position, to say that, though I had scarcely been beyond the borders of our own paddocks, the fact would not have been apparent to any one who heard me discuss the new books, pictures, and cabinet intrigues which were moving the current interest of the world.

My father spent several weeks of every year in London; but he had either never thought it necessary to give me a taste of a wider life, or he had not the money wherewithal to do it. Whatever the cause, the effect was the same. When he went to town to be lionized in certain circles, I remained at home improving the shining hours to the best of my ability.

I say to be lionized in certain circles advisedly, for though Anthony Thorne lived in obscurity, his talents, and his ability to serve a party powerfully by his pen, were widely recognized and cordially appreciated. The only wonder was that he was not better paid for what all were outspoken in declaring to be thorough work thoroughly done.

During one of these absences of my father's I—left as I was to my own devices—struck up a quiet friendship with Gertrude Dene, the squire's eldest daughter. She was a very ordinary type of young English country lady. Quiet, gentle, fair, inane. Yet, notwithstanding this last quality, capable of scratching when occasion served. She happened to be in one of her chronic love-fits just then; so I answered the purpose of a confidante—a touch-stone on which she could whet some of her spurious sentiments.

There had never been much intimacy between us previous to this. The Woodside people were rich, as riches go in that county-side, and we were poor. Moreover, the Woodside people—the female portion of them at least—were eaten up with an intolerable idea of their own social status. And as I knew that their brains were by no means equal to my own, girl-like I despised them.

But at this juncture Gertrude and I seemed to be very sympathetic. Together we took long walks and drives—the one luxury I was mistress of was a pony-carriage, and together we made futile plans for the future. Her day-dream at that time was to marry a young nobleman who had strayed into the neighborhood, lured by a pigeon-shooting match. Mine was to become an authoress, and win a place in the British Pantheon.

"Alfred will be down for the match," she said to me one morning; "he has quite distinguished himself at Harlingham, and I find Lord Boynton knows him; when Alfred is here we shall give a series of parties, and you must come to them, Annette." She said this rather patronizingly, but I forgave the patronage on that occasion for the sake of the pleasure it might open up to me. A series of parties at Woodside sounded with as glad a note of promise in my ears, at that time, as a series of entertainments at Compeigne can in the ears of a practiced Parisian *habitué*.

Well! The pigeon-shooting match was held, and Alfred Dene won the cup. I remember I felt sick and sorry for the fourteen dove-colored birds that fell to his gun in rapid succession; but I thought him a hero for all that. When he brought the cup to show to me, as I sat in my little pony-carriage with his sister by my side, I thought him a god, and when he made me take the first sip of Champagne out of his prize, I was in love with him.

"You never told me he was so clever," I said to Gertrude that night, as she was fixing a spray of the maidenhair fern in my hair.

"How do you know he is clever?" she asked, suspending operations abruptly, and looking down at me with the sharply spiteful looks that only pale blue eyes can give; "he hasn't spoken to you, has he?"

"Why, he was talking to me for an hour at least," I cried, indignantly.

"What! Lord Boynton! When?"

"No, no; not Lord Boynton. I meant your brother," I laughed.

"Oh, Alfred," she said, with a relieved air; "I dare say he is clever; we all are, you know. Mamma always says it was no trouble to teach us; we taught ourselves."

"Did your mamma ever try it?" I asked, demurely; for Mrs. Dene was notoriously a bombastic, ignorant woman; and though I was in love with her son, I was not by any means blind to her shortcomings.

"Of course not," Gertrude said, haughtily; "we had governesses without end. There! that will do; you really look very nice, Annette; now we'll go down."

We did go down, and Alfred took me in to dinner, and loitered by my side all the evening. I was in a fool's paradise, or I should have taken warning by Mrs. Dene's angry looks and the contemptuous smiles of her younger daughters. (Gertrude was too much engrossed with Lord Boynton to heed me.) As it was, I simply disregarded every thing and every body but Alfred, and he returned the compliment I paid him to the full.

As I had been invited to every one of the series of parties at Woodside, not even Mrs. Dene's wrath could urge her on to tell me that I was no longer welcome to the rest, since I was so very welcome to the heir. The consequence was that I had ample opportunities of encouraging his and my own liking; and before many days were over I committed my first folly. I betrothed myself secretly to a man who excused himself from openly acknowledging the bond. I woke to stern realities after my happy dream when the gayeties came to an end, and my father came home. Alfred went away vowing fidelity, and extracting the like vow from me, and then I had time to think about what I had done. It is true that there was still something pleasant to look forward to in the immediate future, for this was June, and in July a large party—Alfred among them—was to assemble at Woodside.

"How have you been amusing yourself while I have been away, Annette?" my father asked me suddenly one night when we were at dinner.

"How? Oh, in many ways," I answered, in confusion.

"Principally at Woodside, I gathered from your letters?"

"Yes, papa."

"Boynton is a nice fellow, isn't he?"

"I didn't see much of him; he was absorbed with Gertrude."

"I don't believe it," my father said, coolly; "he is not a fool, and she is; all the Denes are, in fact."

"Oh, papa," I cried, in a hot horror; "how can you be so uncharitable and so unjust?"

"Hoity-toity!" my father interrupted, laughing. "Which of them has developed intellect, may I ask? It isn't the fair Miss Gertrude, I'm very sure, or she wouldn't waste her time in vain pursuit of Boynton, who would no more marry her than he would a Lowther Arcade doll!"

I made no answer to this. Presently my father resumed:

"Do you know, Annette, you're growing very like your mother?"

I did start and flush a little at this, for I knew that my mother had been his ideal of female loveliness, and though I had lately taken a certain pleasure in looking at the reflection of my face in the glass, it had never occurred to me that its lineaments could at all resemble those that he had so passionately admired.

"But, papa," I expostulated, "my mother was a beauty."

"So are you, my child," he said, smiling brightly at me; "a beauty, and something beyond it, if I'm not very much mistaken. I have kept you too long in the country, my girl; you deserve a different sphere. I'm glad you haven't punished me by throwing your heart away on some noodle."

My heart fell, but presently I told myself reassuringly that he could never think Alfred *that*, at any rate. I suppose, discreet as I fancied my silence to be, there was something suspicious about it, for my father glanced curiously at me after a while, and said:

"What do you say to going up next week and having a taste of town life for a month, Annette?"

"I should like it, but not just yet," I stammered.

"Not just yet! Why, what is the girl thinking of? If we don't go now, the season will be over before we get there."

"Papa, I can't get ready," I pleaded; "there are so many things for me to get; you know—dresses, and a bonnet, and—and—all sorts of things."

"Bless the child! get them in town, to be sure; you couldn't get any thing down here that would be fit for London in your own eyes in a week. You have no other reason for not wanting to go now, have you?" he continued, sharply.

I leaned my chin on my hand, and made no reply.

"Well, well, Annette," he said, kindly, "I know enough of human nature to sympathize with the reticence a girl displays when she is not sure of something of which she wishes to be sure. If I am not very much mistaken that is your case now; trust me when you can, my child, and the sooner you can the better."

"My dear, dear father," I cried, jumping up and going round and putting my arms round his neck, and my head on his breast, as I had been wont to do when about to confess some childish peccadillo; "I will trust you now—now, this moment." Then I paused, tongue-tied, and crushed by the recollection of the strict secrecy Alfred had almost commanded me to observe when we came to our private understanding.

Ah! as that pang of remembrance assailed my heart and brain, what a miserable business I felt it to be! How I longed to be free to confess all my hopes and all my fears to that good, that frank, chivalrous gentleman whom I was so proud to call my father! But I could not. I dared not break my word to Alfred, for fear of the "consequences" with which he had vaguely threatened me. Ah, me! men do not know half the mischief they do when they burden a young girl's soul in this way.

Heavily freighted as I was with my secret engagement—with what I thought then my most delicious and honorable secret—I yet managed to keep up a keen interest in all the projected gayeties that were to take place at Woodside. And this brings me to my starting-point—namely, the first week of a bright July, when pleasure reigned lord of all, from the basement to the attic of the "Squire's" home.

"DEAREST ANNETTE,—They are all come; bring your warmest congratulations for me to-night, for Lord Boynton seems positively to rejoice at being here again.
Yours ever,
"GERTRUDE DENE."

This was the substance of a note I received by the hand of a special messenger one morning early; and from the sly and scrubby hand of the same little boy I had slidden into my own these few words from the man to whom I had voluntarily surrendered the rule of my life:

"DARLING A.,—I came last night, and live on the thoughts of seeing you this evening. Do be careful; I will not be offended at a little coolness.
"Yours eternally—"

Here followed a hieroglyphic which might have been intended to represent the initials A. D., or might, with equal justice, have been taken for any other possible alphabetical combination.

My father was going to dine at Woodside that evening, and at half past seven I started with him in the pony-carriage, with a fluttering feeling in my heart that nullified all my efforts at polite conversation. That little suggestion my lover had offered as to my demeanor seemed to me to be a hint as to what his own would be. And the idea of coolness from him then went like an ice-bolt through my heart.

We were the last to arrive; still there was time for me to observe before dinner was announced that my father and Lord Boynton seemed to be very heartily glad to see one another again. There was also time for me to observe that the centre of attraction in the room appeared to be a very pretty woman, sumptuously dressed in white silk and black laces, who was finally consigned to the care of my lover to take in to dinner.

By-and-by, in the evening, long before I had exchanged any other word than a formal how d'ye do with Alfred, I asked Miss Dene who the fair stranger was.

"She is so exquisite," Gertrude said, rapturously; "you never saw any thing like her. Just look at that Chantilly lace! real, every bit of it; and Alfred says that every thing in her house is equally perfect."

"Who is she?" I interrupted, pettishly.

"Mrs. Lorme—a widow, and immensely rich; it argues yourself unknown not to know her, Alfred says. It was a great thing to get her here; but to tell the truth" (here she lowered her voice mysteriously, and affected in a bright-eyed manner that was one of her numerous affectations to make sure of my sympathy)—"but to tell the truth, I believe that Alfred is the attraction."

I felt the face that my father had called so beautiful only the other day stiffen into the semblance of an ugly, revengeful mask as she spoke. But I summoned some of that pride of which every young girl possesses a fund to my aid, and said:

"And is she the attraction that brings him here?"

"That we can't tell yet; I only know it was by his desire that she was invited," Gertrude said, flippantly. And then the gentlemen came into the room, and she went off to places that were accessible to Lord Boynton. It happened, however, that Lord Boynton did not avail himself of the opportunity thus magnanimously given by the fair foe to his liberty. On the contrary he stood near to me, talking to my father; and I, too, soon became absorbed in the conversation.

They were talking about something that my youngest brother, Albert Thorne, had written lately, something that removed him far above the rank of a mere press-man, and that was causing him to be very highly thought of. As they talked of him Mrs. Lorme roused herself from her lassitude and came forward, and to the astonishment of more than one of us said, with animation,

"Are you speaking of that Prince of Bohemia, Albert Thorne?"

My father bowed, and then laughingly added that he did not know that his son was openly and avowedly a citizen of that land of the free.

"Yes he is," she said, sparkling as she spoke, in a way that was as soothing to my sisterly vanity as it was to the lately roused jealousy on account of Alfred Dene, "yes he is; and let me tell you that if I were a power, and ever formed a *belle alliance* with any other, it would be with that bonniest of all bonny kingdoms."

"You agree with our latest lost and hardly spared young literary light, Geoffrey Prowse, then; he wrote:

"'Though the latitude's rather uncertain,
And the longitude likewise is vague,
That person I pity who knows not the city,
The beautiful city of Prague.'"

"Yes, Mr. Thorne, I do most heartily agree with him. Will you introduce me to your daughter?" she added, with a most winning grace; and the next moment my hand was taken and cordially pressed by the woman I had almost regarded as my rival.

For more than an hour she sat by me, talking of art and literature and Albert, and I could not fail to perceive that the last was the most interesting topic to her. She told me where she lived—"a gem of a house in Benton Street;" and how she lived—"one of a mediocre conventional society, through which your brother and others of that ilk gleam like meteors at rare intervals;" and I should have been quite happy in her society if I had only had one word from Alfred.

At last, just before we were going away, and just after lovely Mrs. Lorme had volunteered a visit to me the following day, my tardy lover found his way to my side.

In extenuation of my infatuation for him I ought to say that Alfred Dene was as handsome as a star. A tall, lithe young Apollo, with nut-brown curly hair tipped with gold, and eyes of that tawny hazel hue that, aided by their thick, dark lashes, always look so much more than they mean. Moreover, he had a very seductive manner, a very polished, easy grace of bearing, and—he was my first love, and I was only eighteen.

"We have conducted ourselves miraculously well to-night," he said, complacently, as he sat down by me on the chair that Mrs. Lorme had just vacated. "I defy the most vigilant of domestic detectives to discover any thing, if we only go on like this."

"If we go on like this, it would be as well that there should be nothing to discover," I answered, coldly.

"My dear, impulsive Annette," he whispered, "why in the world *should* we make public what is so deliciously our own? We know it; isn't that sufficient?"

"Quite for you, apparently," I said, as carelessly as I could. And then he asked, eagerly:

"What has she been saying to you?"

"Mrs. Lorme?—many things. Amongothers, that she is a great admirer of the genius, as she is pleased to call it, of my brother Albert."

"The deuce she is," he muttered, thoughtfully. "She's rich enough to indulge her caprices, too," he added. Then he seemed to recollect himself, and asked me if I could arrange to see him to-morrow.

"Yes, Alfred, if you'll come to my father's house," I said, decidedly; "but I'll do nothing more clandestine."

"Don't speak so loud; my mother will hear you!" he said, in an evident terror that roused afresh all my ire and pride. Before I could retort my father had come to take me away, and I had no excuse for not taking Alfred Dene's arm to lead me out of the room.

"Do be careful, my own darling," he whispered, softly, as we walked through the hall. "This will not be for long, and when it's over we shall laugh about it."

"You may," I thought, "but I never shall;" and then I uttered a little fervent, fierce prayer for strength to be granted to my heart to enable me to break my fetters ere they humbled me still farther.

We had a very silent drive home; but when my father had lifted me out of the pony-carriage very tenderly, and the boy had driven round to the stable, he said, as we paused to look at the moonlight effects before we went into the house,

"Are you ready to trust me yet, Annette?"

I did not feel a bit afraid of him, or abashed before him then. I just looked frankly up in his dear, kind, honest face, and said,

"Not just yet, but I shall soon." And for reply he put his hand on my shoulder confidingly, and sent me to my rest with the blessed conviction that my father was not suspicious or distrustful of me—a conviction that, if parents would impart more frequently to their children, would work marvels in the way of establishing that noble system of mutual trust which is the real basis of family happiness.

I was lured, despite my resolution to do nothing more clandestine, into having a meeting with Alfred Dene the following morning. He told me, apparently, a good deal about his private affairs. That is to say, he told me several things that made me take rather a forlorn view of our prospects of ever being more to one another than we now were.

"You see, being only a treasury-clerk on £500 a year, it would be madness on my part to think of marrying on that," he said, mournfully.

"But marriage is a thing of the future; concealment in the present is all I dislike," I urged, vehemently.

"My darling, you talk like a child; you were reasonable enough the other day; now you are unreasonable, and a little unjust. If we avowed our attachment, it would be talked about and opposed, and—and—I'm sure you're too delicate-minded to desire notoriety of that sort."

"I'm too delicate-minded to like deceiving my father," I said, gloomily. "Oh, Alfred, if you knew how grandly gentle he was in his treatment or me when he first found out that I had something to conceal—"

"*Has* he found out that?" he interrupted, in a most unheroically alarmed way.

"Yes, he has. My father is not indifferent to me, or to what concerns my honor and happiness," I said, in a little high-flown strain, that was pardonable enough considering my age and the circumstances.

"Then he'll find out what it is soon," Alfred said, with genuine annoyance. "I did think you cared more for me, Annette; you don't realize all that this will entail. As sure as a gun, my mother will get my father to cut off my allowance."

"What a price to pay for your love!" I thought; but I only said,

"You shall not be such a sufferer; I will tell my father *this*, and then your family will be spared. I will say to him that I have been in a dream, but that I'm awake now; in other words, I will tell him that there is nothing more between us."

"In other words, you will make him believe me to be a rascal," he said, warmly; "besides, my dear girl, I am not going to give you up, I can tell you that. I counsel a little justifiable concealment, and you're off on the high ropes at once, like a woman. You don't want to have done with me, Annette?"

He put his arm round me as he spoke, and pressed his lips to mine. And, fool that I was, I submitted to the caress, and let the man persuade me against my own judgment.

"I have a fortnight's holiday, dearest," he said, presently; "let us spend it in peace; let us make it an idyl – a sunny spot to look back upon, whatever comes."

I did not like the possible meaning of the two last words; but I did like him so very much that I agreed that it would be a delightful thing to do; only how were we to do it?

"Meet me here every morning," he said, promptly. "You won't grudge me an hour or two, will you, my love, my darling? Meet me here, where no prying eyes can see us, and no inquisitive ears hear us. 'Stay with me, lady, while you may,'" he continued, passionately, quoting Owen Meredith, of whose writings, by-the-way, he knew me to be inordinately fond at that epoch; "'for life's so sad, this hour's so sweet.'"

"And of an evening you will be distant to me and devoted to Mrs. Lorme?" I questioned.

"Pshaw! Mrs. Lorme—she's a blind, that's all," he said, in some confusion. "The people at home take it for granted that I ought to be at her feet; so I am obliged to humor their suspicions, that's all." Then he looked at his watch, and said it was time to go, and I was free to go into the house and await the advent of my self-invited guest, Mrs. Lorme.

She came at length, looking lovelier than she had looked on the previous night, and for a few minutes I felt more jealous of her than before. But my jealousy fled and gave room for a feeling of even greater misery when she said:

"I'm an older woman than you, Miss Thorne; but I wouldn't rest my claim to be heard by you on that fact alone, if I didn't take a great interest in your family. Don't have any thing to do with Alfred Dene. I venture to say this because I know him to be a most insidious wooer and a most untrustworthy man."

Again an ice-bolt went through my heart, but I was dumb.

"They, the girls, think that I am here because I love their brother," she resumed; "whereas the truth is that I am here solely because I love yours."

The vivid blush that spread over her beautiful face as she spoke, the pure, proud light that came into her eyes, testified to her truth. Wonderingly I waited to hear more.

"Albert and I were only just engaged when I got this invitation from the Denes; and hearing of your beauty from your brother, I judged, and judged rightly I fear, that Mr. Alfred Dene would not have known you without being true to himself and false to you. So I begged Albert to keep silence about our little plans until I had been down here. I have not come too soon. Alfred Dene is a traitor!"

"How dare you say it of him?" I sobbed.

"Because it is the truth. I marked his reserve toward you last night; it is a manner that I have seen him adopt to another girl whom he had led into the error of believing in him. I marked his agitation this morning when he came to me with his false vows—"

"Vows to you!" I stuttered out.

"Vows to me. Have I not what his soul loves—money?" she said, calmly. "I would not desecrate my engagement to your brother Albert by telling him of it. I only repulsed him with the scorn he merits. That was at twelve this morning. Tell me the truth, dear Annette, has he not been with you since then?"

I bowed my head in silent shame, and she generously would not press me for words.

"Dear Annette," she said, kissing me, "treat this matter as it deserves to be treated. Tell him you know him for what he is, and have done with him; or, stay—give him one lesson. You will not object to humbling a thing so mean?"

"What will you have me do?" I asked.

"Do? Come up to town to-day with your father; I will go too; but they must not know that we act in concert. I will develop my plan to your father, and if he approves of it you will consent?"

I agreed to this, still being in a dream, and before nightfall I was located with my father at the Langham Hotel.

They considerately said nothing to me about my discomfiture for the next few days, during the whole of which time my brother and Mrs. Lorme appeared to be very busy. At the end of the few days they told me that they were going to be married, very quietly, at St. George's, Hanover Square, the following day. "Only papa and you will be present, Annette, and perhaps one other friend," Albert said.

"Who is the other friend?" I asked.

"Well, I hope you'll not object; but, knowing how fond Alfred Dene is of every thing clandestine, I have written to tell him that I am going to make a secret marriage to-morrow, and to beg him to do me the service of being my groomsman. It will be the easiest way for you to get out of your little difficulty with him, dear, without a regular explanation and exposure, and all that sort of thing; seeing the conjunction of Trixy, you, and myself, he will understand that he is seen through, and you will be free without loss of dignity."

I did not like the idea of such a *dénouement* to my first romance, but I had been such a weak guide to myself that I could not do other than let them guide me now. Accordingly, the following day I arrayed myself in the pretty bridemaid's dress that Trixy Lorme had had provided for me by her own milliner, and went to St. George's with my father.

We all seemed to arrive together. My brother and his groomsman had barely had time to reach the altar-rails and turn round before my father and I, and the bride, leaning on the arm of an old friend, her lawyer, were close upon them. The service commenced at once; it was over before I found the courage to look up at Alfred Dene's face. It was as pale as death, and he palpably had to constrain himself strongly in order to remain to the end.

When we were signing in the vestry he took his hat up, and, with a brief "wish for her welfare" to the bride, he went away without one word to the others. My father followed him out into the square, and there spoke his last words to the found-out man. He told me their substance afterward.

"I am afraid that you were a little disappointed this morning, Mr. Dene; let it be a warning to you not to dabble in any thing clandestine again, and be thankful that instead of being humbugged you did not get a horse-whipping."

On the whole I am thankful for my experience. I took to my pen earnestly as a diversion, and my pen has well repaid me. I only write prose fiction; if I wrote poetry I would say, with L. E. L.:

"It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song."

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

A very gentle, brave, and noble-spirited woman was Charlotte Brontë. Fragile of form, and tremulous as an aspen leaf, she had an energy of mind and a heroism of character capable of real things in private life as admirable as any of the fine delineations in her works of fiction. Nothing she has ever done seems to me more truthful, more magnanimous, and more touching than the brief preface she wrote to a new edition of her sister's novel of "Wuthering Heights." Emily was dead; her novel had not been appreciated; not well spoken of by the critics; not well received by the public; and mainly in consequence of frequent violations, in no instance of the reality of the characters she had so wonderfully portrayed in their time and place, but violations of the so-called "taste of the day," which does not permit country squires and others to swear in oaths with proper spelling, but only by a first and last letter, and a hushing-up dash, to mark the prudent author's disapproval of a profane tongue. There were also some other startling excrescences, but only as the excess of force in the reality of the pictures, all very pardonable in the first work of a young author. "Wuthering Heights" is one of the most powerful novels ever written in the English language, or any other language. It did indeed deserve a better fate. Emily Brontë died without receiving any public recognition of her genius, and although the inward fangs of a fatal disease were doing their certain work, the world might perhaps have had another creation from that so potent spirit; and in any case the feeling of some public acknowledgment that she had not lived, and felt, and thought, and labored in vain, would have helped to smooth her death-pillow, and to have made the brief remaining period of her generous sister's own life more happy. With what earnest emotion does Charlotte Brontë strive in that preface to place her sister's fame beside, or above, her own; with what noble yet almost tearful energy she seems to keep down her reproaches of the shallow judgment, the prudery, and want of perception, which had refused to admit Emily to her rightful place among writers of fiction! The ancient Romans used to set up a statue to "Success," and worshiped it as a god. What could the figure have been like, one wonders? Such a deity could not well be set up, admissibly and substantially as such, in modern times; but, O Discretion! how often do we notice that for want of thee the best things may fail utterly, while, with thine aid, mediocrity in all shapes may become most prosperous!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The long-continued drought of the past season has been severely felt in almost every section of the country, and has been almost as remarkable as the unusual heat which preceded it. Much as it has disturbed city residents, the farmers in the country have been the chief sufferers. Happy they who have unfailing springs upon their land! Both crops and cattle have been parched for lack of water. Some complaints have been made concerning the impurities of the Croton water in this city. It is true that the extremely warm, dry weather of the past season so reduced the natural flow of the Croton River as to render the supply of water entirely inadequate to the demand. Consequently the Chief Engineer of the Croton Aqueduct Board purchased some lakes in Putnam County, the waters from which have been turned into the Croton River above the Croton Dam. The quantity supplied from these sources has for several weeks varied from thirty to sixty millions of gallons; and without this the city would have been destitute of water. The inconvenience, therefore, to which residents of New York have been subjected was, on the whole, comparatively slight. They should remember the thousands of wells in country places that are entirely dry, and thankfully take the trouble and expense involved in more thoroughly filtering the water they use.

Cornell University has received nearly three hundred new pupils this fall. In consequence of the great increase of students four additional professors have been elected, among whom is Mr. O. P. Cornell, a son of the founder. The library of the University already numbers 30,000 volumes. It contains the private library collected by Charles Anthon, entire—8000 volumes in all; the library of Franz Bopp, Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Berlin; Goldwin Smith's private library, 3500 volumes, and he has given $2200 for books, in addition, this year; President White has bought $10,000 worth of books for the University, and has also lately added to the library 1200 very valuable volumes on architecture; Mr. William Kelly, of Rhinebeck, has given $2250 for mathematical books; Mr. Cornell has just added $1000 to a former gift of $500 for agricultural books; the British Government has presented 2400 volumes of British patents, from 1611 to 1870, and the volumes will increase at the rate of 100 a year. These volumes, which are still in London, are to be rebound, and the plates, which are on thin paper, are to be backed, at a cost of £1400.

The widow of Audubon, the naturalist, resides in Louisville, Kentucky, and is over eighty years of age. A short time ago the 350 beautiful copper-plates, from which Audubon's "Birds of America" was printed, were to be sold at auction in this city, for her benefit. The sale, however, was postponed at the request of one of the members of the Board of Education, until it could be decided whether the Board would buy them. These plates weigh 3360 pounds, and were engraved in London in 1832 and 1833, at a cost of £20,000. The original drawings have been deposited with the New York Historical Society, $3000 having been subscribed by wealthy persons to keep them in this city.

A French physician, Dr. Maydieu, has revived an old practice of administering shot as a remedy for bilious colic. His method is to take No. 5 shot, after carefully washing them with sweet oil, and give a desert-spoonful every half hour. He claims that in five or six hours the vomiting ceases.

Chemical analysis shows that fish contains all the constituent elements of a perfectly composed food.

The Crown Prince of Prussia received his English education from Professor Thatcher, of Yale College. While the Professor was studying in Germany he became tutor to the young prince, and taught him what he knows of the English language.

In 1815 the Paris *Moniteur* thus recorded, from day to-day, the progress of Napoleon I. from Elba to Paris:

"The Anthropophagist has Escaped."
"The Corsican Ogre has Landed."
"The Tiger is Coming."
"The Monster has Slept at Grenoble."
"The Tyrant has Arrived at Lyons."
"The Usurper has been Seen in the Environs of Paris."
"Bonaparte Advances Toward, but Will Never Enter, the Capital."
"Napoleon Will be Under our Ramparts To-morrow."
"His Imperial Majesty Entered the Tuileries, on the 21st of March, in the Midst of his Faithful Subjects."

In the early days of *Household Words*, the only regular staff-contributors of original articles were Mr. Dickens, the acting editor, and Mr. R. H. Horne. Occasionally an article was jointly written. One day Mr. Dickens proposed to Mr. Horne a paper on "Chatham Dock-yard," and the subject being approved, they went early to the place, where observations and notes might be made. "Now," said Mr. Dickens, this article will naturally divide itself into two parts, which we can afterward dove-tail together—viz., the works of the dock-yard, and the fortifications and country scenery around. Which will you take?" Mr. Horne at once replied that the works of the dock-yard seemed most promising. Dickens smiled and said, "Then we'll meet here again at a quarter of five. I am glad you made that choice, for this is a sort of native place of mine. I was a school-boy here, and have juvenile memories and associations all round the country outskirts." Few literary men would have suppressed a strong personal feeling on such an occasion before the choice was made. To the joint article thus prepared Mr. Dickens gave the title of "One Man in a Dock-yard," thus again sinking his own personality.

A writer in *Good Health* says that the average weight, all the year round, of that portion of a woman's clothing which is supported from the waist is between ten and fifteen pounds; and that if a woman was sentenced to carry such a weight about in this way for a number of years, for some great crime, the punishment would be denounced as an inhuman one; yet thousands of women daily endure such a punishment voluntarily, because it is the custom, and because they do not know the bad effects likely to follow it. The writer earnestly counsels women—not to adopt an attire similar to that worn by men, but to have their clothing suspended from the shoulders, by which dangerous pressure on abdominal muscles would be avoided.

Jennie Lind and Florence Nightingale are among the London Committee for the relief of the sick and wounded in the European war.

All the property of Admiral Farragut was left by his will to his wife and son. The total value of it is stated to be $200,000.

Bismarck is said to have some poetry in him, and that on approaching Nancy on the Moselle, he became sentimental, and thus addressed the "French damsel:"

"Tis here I'd fly to meet thee still
At sound of the vesper bell,
In the starry light
Of a summer night
On the banks of the blue Moselle;
For, Nancy dear, through fire and rain,
Against M'Mahon and Bazaine,
Old Nap, young Nap, and all their train,
I've come to the Moselle."

From Rio Janeiro we hear a report of a contemplated visit of the Emperor of Brazil to the United States. The object of his visit is to gather information which may prove useful to him in the administration of affairs in the vast country over which he rules.

Bouchet, the colored Freshman at Yale College, is said to have passed by far the best examination of any of the one hundred and ninety candidates. The young man is a resident of New Haven, eighteen years of age, and graduated from the leading preparatory school of the city, valedictorian of his class. What rank he will take in '74 remains to be seen.

The German soldier finds his sausage as important to him as his needle-gun. The government supplies the army with a sort of sausage made of pease-meal, onions, spices, and bacon. It is so made that it will keep a long time, and, in fact, needs no further cooking, and is only put into hot water before eating, when this can be done. It is both palatable and nutritious. In Cologne several buildings are appropriated to the manufacture of this sausage, and over two thousand men employed.

A census-taker interviewed a woman whose family might be considered as belonging to the vagabond order, and the following conversation ensued:

Census-taker. "What is your occupation?"

Woman. "I work myself to the bone trying to get something to eat in the house, and to pay the rent."

Census-taker. "What does your son do" (a man of twenty-two), "or what is his trade?"

Woman. "He never had any trade, and he don't do any thing to my knowledge but get drunk, and come home and abuse his mother."

Census-taker. "What does your daughter do?" (A girl of eighteen, who looked on with a simper on her face.)

Woman. "She used to work in a factory, but she don't do any thing now but gad the streets, and leave me to do the work."

Census-taker. "Do the two children go to school?"

Woman. "No, Sir; I've tried to make them go to school, but a regiment of soldiers couldn't keep them there; so I let them go where they please, and maybe they'll live to repent it."

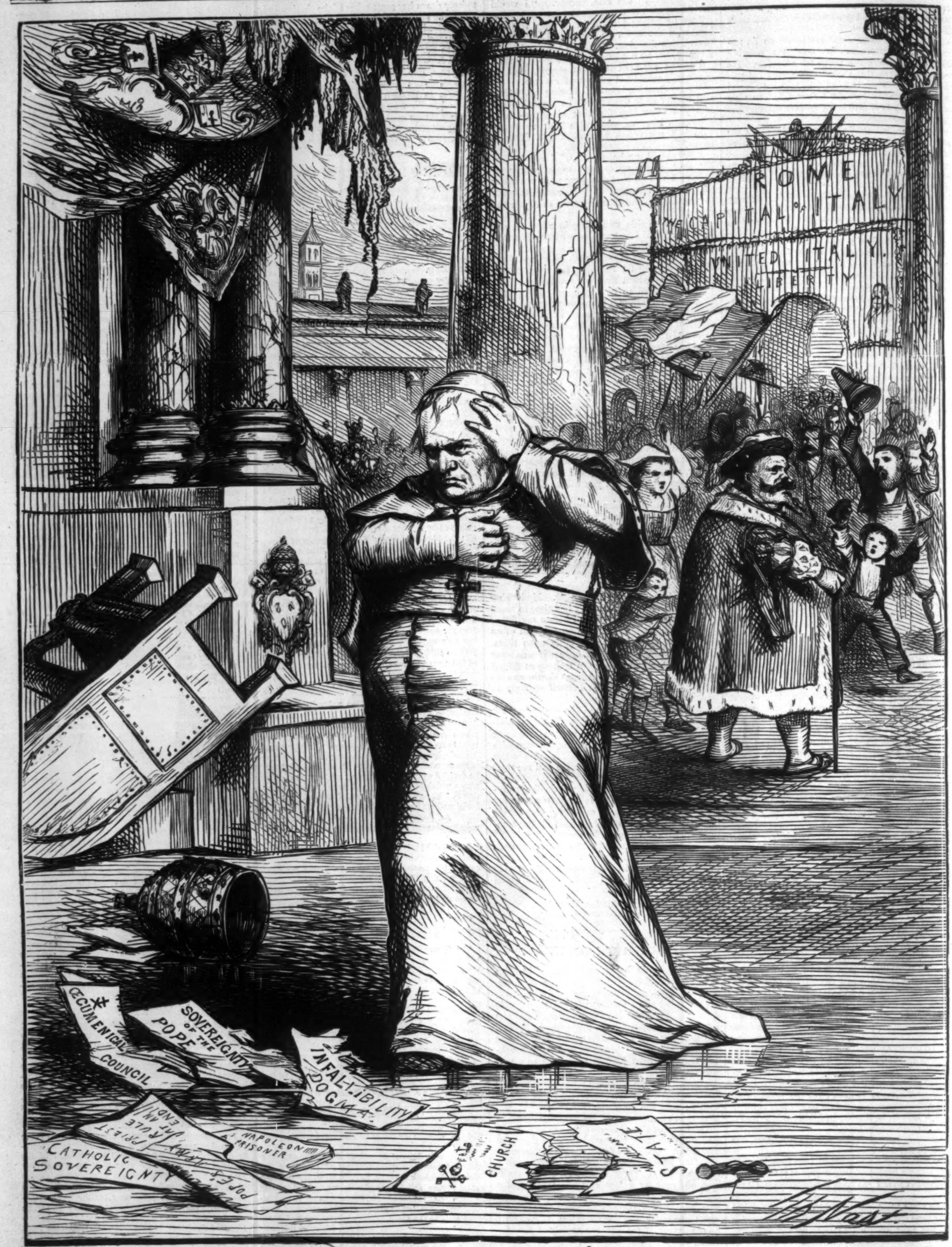
The first music printed in New England was in 1609, and the earliest collection preserved was published in 1698, and contains thirteen tunes. In 1713 the first organ in the country was set up in King's Chapel. It remained unpacked for seven months, but when it was set up it became at once a wonder. One old lady thought it was "a pretty box of whistles, but an awful way to spend the Sabbath." About the time of the Revolution the custom of "deaconing" out the hymns was abolished, amidst much opposition. In one instance, when the deacon persisted in lining out the hymn, he was overborne by the choir, and left the church in tears, but was afterward censured by the church. In another case, a deacon waited until the choir finished, and then commenced lining out the hymn, prefacing it by saying: "The world's people have sung, now let the Lord's people sing." The first instrument brought to aid church-music was the pitchpipe, then came the tuning-fork, the bass-viol, and other stringed instruments, which preceded the organ. The introduction of the viol caused much opposition, and once a minister introduced the service by saying: "You may fiddle and sing the 105th Psalm."

In by-gone days a man of style in Paris wore a coat of bright blue silk, faced with yellow; a white satin vest, wrought with gold-lace; satin trowsers tied at the knee with knots of gay ribbon; white silk hose, with slippers called pumps; and frills of costly lace drooping daintily over the hands. His hair was covered with pomatum, and then well floured, and his queue was stiff with powder and oil. On the whole, *present* fashions, both for ladies and gentlemen, might be worse than they are.

An awakened and accusing conscience often is the bitterest of punishments. A singular instance recently occurred in Massachusetts. A watchman in the Charlestown State Prison brutally threw a small boy into the water from the prison wharf, where he was playing with other boys. The child pleaded for his life, saying he could not swim; but the cruel watchman made not the slightest effort to save him, and he was drowned. For this barbarous deed the light sentence of five years' imprisonment was inflicted upon him. But into his prison an avenging monitor followed him. The heinousness of his crime arose before him, and there was no rest for him day or night. His anguish was so great that his health failed, and he became absolutely insane. Only a little over one month of his imprisonment had passed when he died in the hospital, a most pitiable object.

The Western youth who, being desirous to wed the object of his affections, "interviewed" her paternal ancestor, and stated that, although he had no money worth speaking of, yet he was "chock full of days' works," has got the girl. Other youths, Western and Eastern, can take the hint.

The Baroness De Reumont, whose château of Grand-Verneuil is, or was, a few miles from Montmédy, has suffered strange vicissitudes. In 1799, and again in 1814, and still a third time in 1870, she has been forced to flee from her home before an advancing army of Prussians. She is now ninety-four years old.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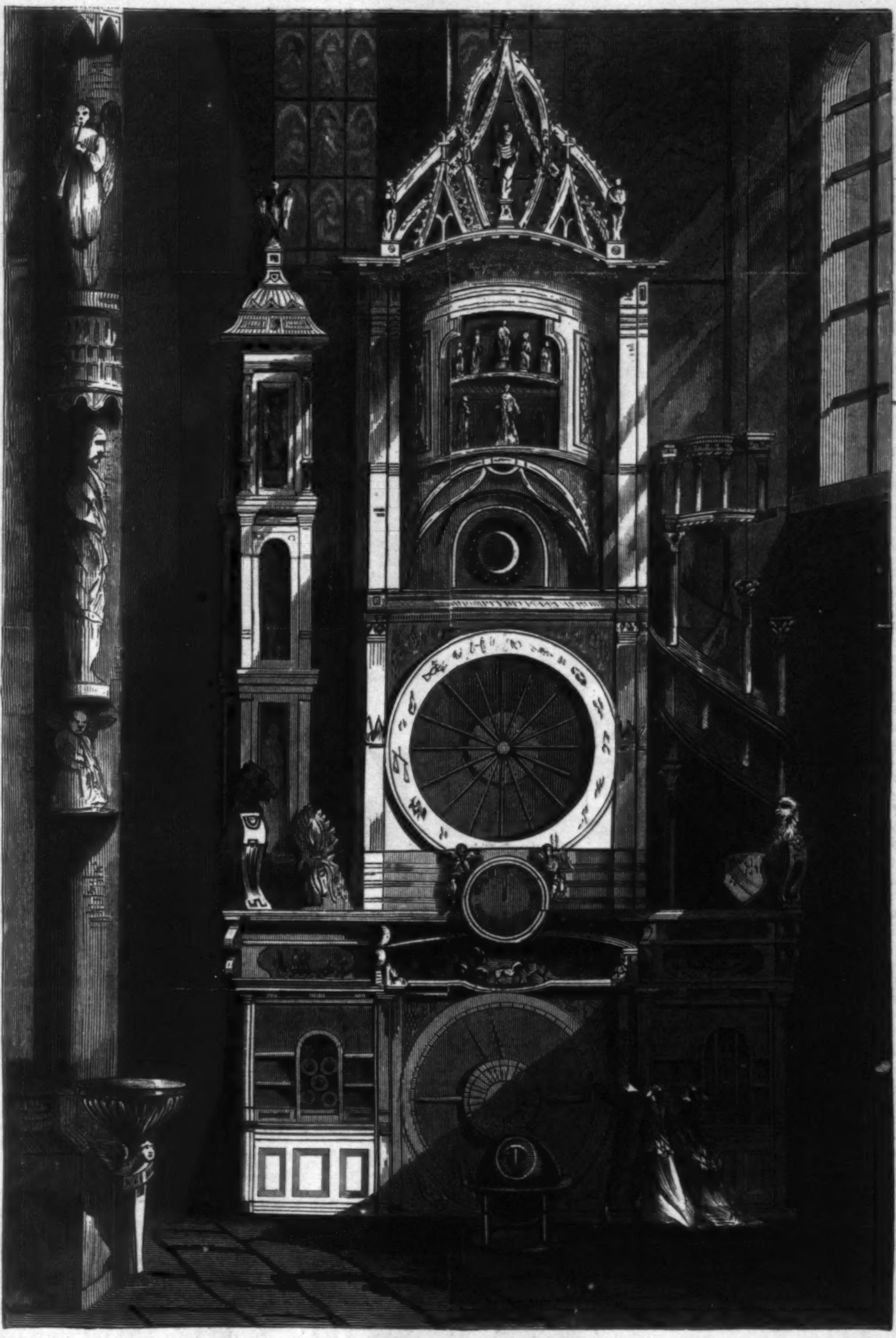
POPE PIUS IX.

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again."

King Henry VIII., Act II., Scene 2.

THE STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL AND CLOCK.

The wonder and delight of Strasbourg is the Cathedral—one of the master-pieces of Gothic architecture. Founded by Clovis in 510, reconstructed by Pepin and Charlemagne, destroyed by lightning in 1007, it was rebuilt in 1015 by Erwin de Steinbach, and finished in 1413 by Jean Hultz, of Cologne, after the tower had been four hundred and twenty-four years incomplete. According to tradition, ten thousand workmen toiled at the holy work for the good of their souls, "all for love, and nothing for reward." An epitome of Gothic art, this Cathedral contains specimens of every style, from the Byzantine upward. Heaven send it a safe deliverance from Prussian shot and shell! let the gunners aim wide of that noble, heaven-piercing spire, which, according to the best guide-books, rises four hundred and sixty-eight feet above the pavement—that is twenty-four feet higher than the great Pyramid, and sixty-four feet higher than St. Paul's, the body of the church itself being higher than the towers of York Minster. The view from this net-work of stone repays the giddiest person. Beyond the dull red roofs, and the high-roofed and many-windowed houses, spreads the whole country of the Rhine and Black Forest, and on the side of France you see those Vosges Mountains, that might have been held against the world. Hope describes the netting of detached arcades and pillars over the west end of the Cathedral to be like a veil of the finest cast iron, so sharp and bright is the carving of the durable stone; while Dr. Whewell, comparing the building to an edifice placed under a rich open casket of woven stone, laments the sacrifice of distinctness from the multiplicity and intersection of the lines. The triple portal is peculiarly fine, and is in itself a world of quaint statues and bass-reliefs. The middle arch is adorned with no less than fourteen statues of the Old Testament prophets; on the right arch are the Ten Virgins, and on the left the Virgins treading under foot the Seven Capital Sins. In the Revolution these carvings were destroyed, and the great brass doors melted down into money, but they have been restored with a most reverential care. The choir is plain and simple Romanesque, but the nave is the choicest early decorated German Gothic. The tower's special treasures are the fine stained windows of the fourteenth century, recently restored (spare them, gentle gunners!), the vast marigold windows, and the famous astronomic clock, one of the wonders of Europe, comprising a perpetual calendar, a planetarium on the Copernican system, and shows the hour, the day of the week, the month of the year. It was made in 1571, and, after standing still for fifty-six years (a good rest), was repaired in 1842 by a mechanician of the town. We give on this page an illustration of this wonderful clock. This part of the Cathedral is supported by a single pillar of great symmetry, and above the Gothic cornice appears the effigy of Erwin de Steinbach, the architect of this vast building, whose tombstone was discovered, in 1855, in a humble little court behind the chapel of St. John. In an old house at the southwest corner of the Minster Platz there are preserved some curious ancient architectural drawings belonging to the Cathedral.



THE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK AT STRASBOURG.

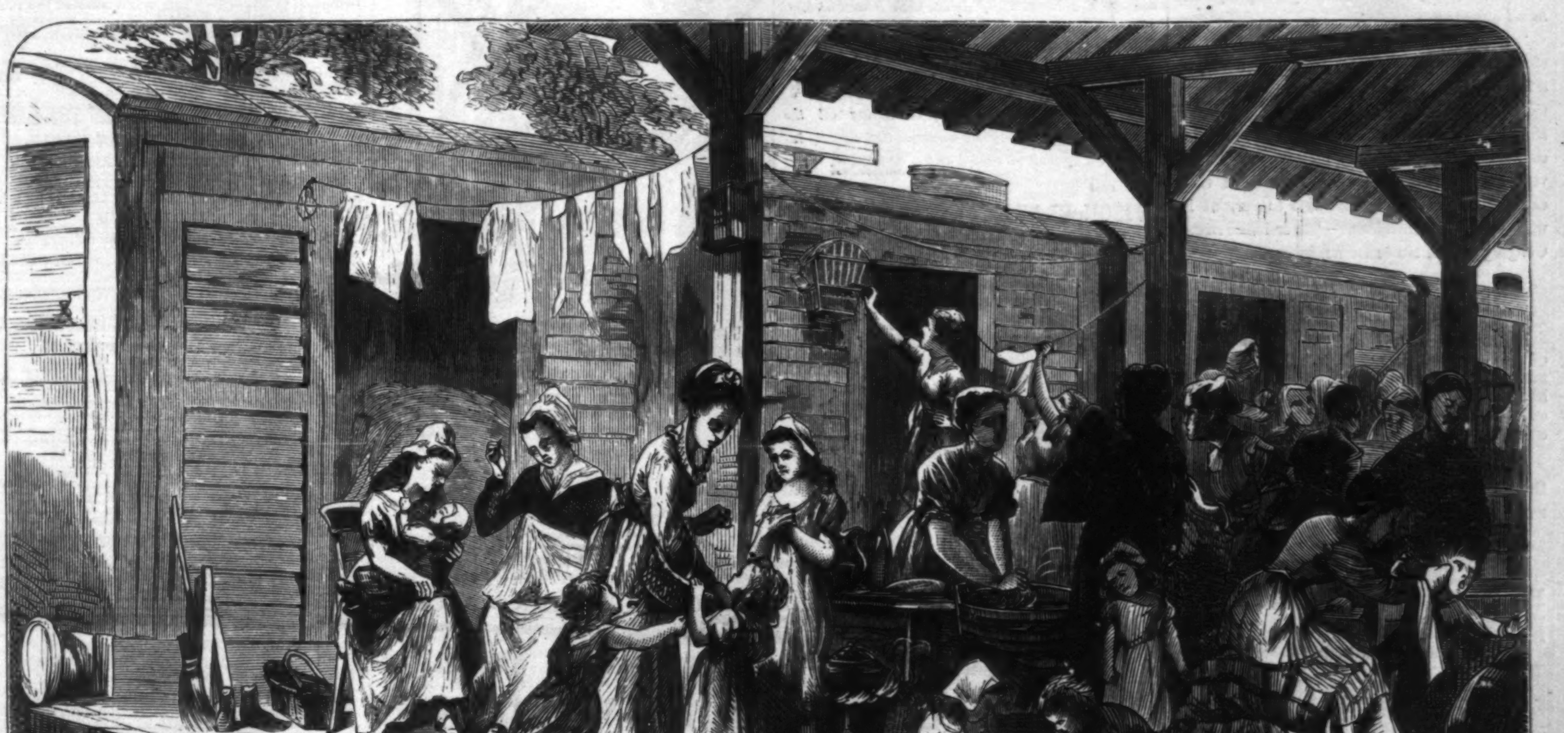
RAILROAD TRUCKS FOR HOUSES IN PARIS.

So strong is the faith of the peasantry in the impregnable position of Paris that they have voluntarily flocked into the city in immense numbers from the adjacent country. The police have hunted up all the "useless mouths," and sent as many as possible out of the place by the railroads leading to the northwest; but now that Paris is completely invested by the enemy, all within the fortifications must remain and take the chances of war, sharing the discomforts inevitable to a state of siege. The houses will not accommodate the population, and the useless railroad cars have been made available as places of shelter for such as can not find homes elsewhere. Our engraving on this page shows how this design is being carried out.

ITALY.

When the Continental war first broke out the Italian Government was urged to take advantage of the moment to occupy Rome as her capital; but ministers replied, with a certain magnanimity, which apparently secured the public approval for their policy, that it was unfair to press France in the hour of her trial for a settlement of that question. The question is now, however, being settled. The excited state of public feeling has been such that it has been necessary to act promptly in the matter, and thus forestall the party of action.

It was resolved by the King and his ministers to occupy the Pontifical territory with Italian troops. There was a strong agitation in Rome and the provinces, addresses being forwarded to the King, popular placards posted, and the people in some parts at last rising in open insurrection. Colonel De Charette, with the Papal Zouaves, fortified Montefiascone, and declared that with or without the leave of the Pope he, for one, would resist the Italian troops. Signor San Martino, intrusted with a mission to the Pope, carried an autograph letter from the King, begging his Holiness not to oppose the advance of the army, and it was understood that



HOUSING THE PEASANTRY IN RAILROAD TRUCKS IN PARIS.

the advance was only delayed until the return of the embassador. His mission was so far successful that orders were issued to the Zouaves to offer no opposition, and several of the prelates were in favor of an arrangement with the King; but to this, it appears, the Pope could not bring himself, but was occupied in framing a protest.

On Monday, September 12, the Italian troops, under the command of General Cadorna, crossed the Roman frontier, their instructions being to occupy such places as asked for their presence, for the safety of the public and the Holy See, and not in the King's name. The inhabitants were not to be molested, and the next step in the drama was to be a vote of the people, annexation or no annexation; and not till that is given is the King to assume sovereignty over the occupied provinces. The troops were enthusiastically received every where; Montefiascone was evacuated, the Papal troops contenting themselves at first with cutting the railway lines; but at Civita Castellano they fired at the advance-guard, and then capitulated. Viterbo, Frosinone, and Corneto have been occupied.

The Pope, who was to have gone to Malta, decided to remain in the Vatican, but refused all terms of arrangement with the government of Italy.

CYNICISM.

That kind of cynical criticism of life which amounts to a regular depreciation of its higher aims and better labors is founded upon an error which it is very easy to signalize. If the conscience of an observer has been depraved by willful wrong-doing, he immediately inclines to note and dwell upon the worst or weaker part of the character of each individual; not necessarily to rejoice in it, which would be devilish, but to watch the power which the wrong part in a man may have of defeating the right part in him. But all the while he is imperfectly sensible of the great fact that the good and right are still in the ascendant; or, in other words, that, in the mass, excess and defect correct each other, so that collective man is a very different creature from A or B taken at hazard out of a crowd. This is, indeed, a very poor way of putting the case, which might be made much stronger; but room must now be made for a word about cynical criticism of a less malignant order. This chiefly exhibits itself in running down vulgar enthusiasms, and questioning, in a scientific vein, the accuracy of those instinctive generalizations which play so large a part in human affairs. With regard to the vulgar enthusiasms, it is a curious thing that while the great humorists often make us smile at them, they always show them in their true light—that is, as fortresses or intrenched camps made by the better part of the average human mind in its haste to go about its business. We can not always be stopping to chop logic concerning degrees of heroism or genius in history and literature; just as in life, we find the best-hearted people choose their friends and stick to them, without pausing every now and then to revise the grounds on which their choice was made.

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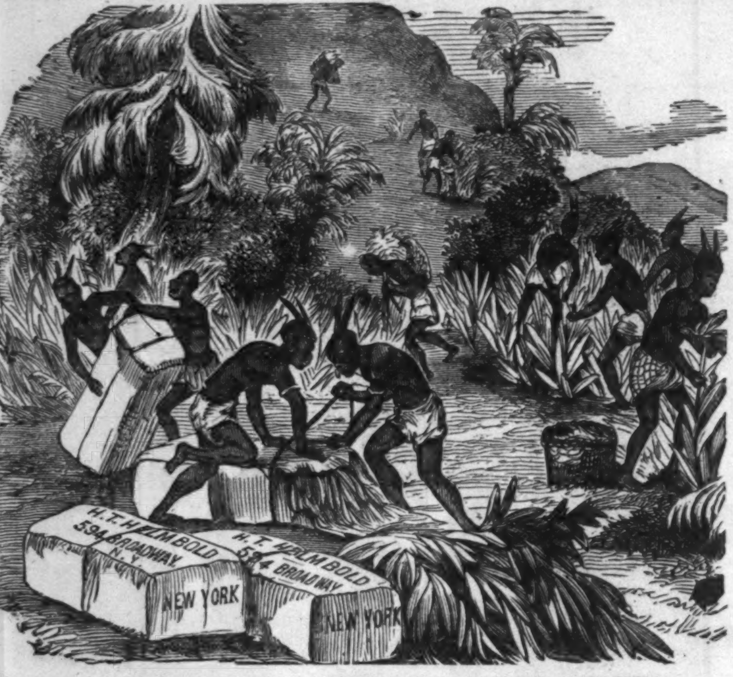
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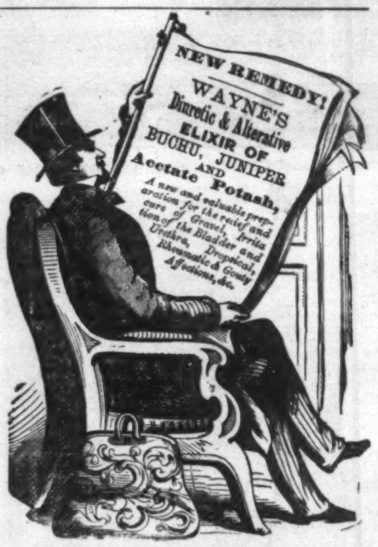
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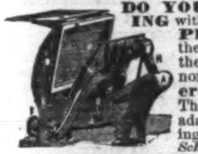

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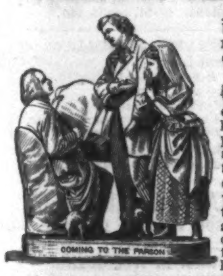

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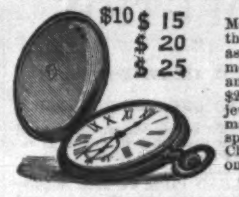

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